POEMS

BY

HUGH CROMPTON,

The Son of *Bacchus*, and God-son of *Apollo*.

BEING

A fardle of Fancies, or a medley of Musick, stewed in four Ounces of the

OYL of EPIGRAMS.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ.

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The Son of Bacchus, and
God-son of Apollo.

A Fardle of Fancies, or a medley
of Mulck, strewed in four
Ounces of the

OYL of EPIGRAMS.

To my well affected, and no lesse respected Friend and Kinsman,

Colonell Tho. Crompton.

Right Honourable,

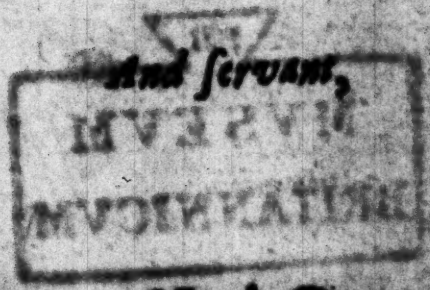
TO make a large pair of gates to a little Cottage, were to throw the house out at the windowes, and reduce order into confusion. My wits are little, my leisure little, my Book little; and

therefore, (for the sake of correspondency) my Epistle shall be little: and all these being summ'd up together, in little time the product will prove to little purpose. My Muse is illegitimate, and dares not look upon the Sun of censure; wherefore I presume to shade it under the skreen of your goodnesse. If I should commend my self, it were to say the Crow is white; or if I should pin applauses upon you, it were to set a glosse upon the Sun; or paint Roses with Vermilion. All I aim at, is to beg you the Patron of my imperfect Labours. If you please therefore to accept this thimble-full of endevours, you will allow me more honour then can be con-

contained in the crackt vessell of my indesert; And ingage my blood to veil bonnet in your service: For I am

Your loyall Kinsman

And servant,



Hugh Crompton.

FH
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

A FARDLE OF FANCIES, OR, A MEDLEY OF MUSICK,

Stewed in three ounces of the *Oyle* of *Epigrams*.

---

1. *The new Helicon.*

WHat's this advanceth our poetick strains,
And breeds a sea of fancies in our brains?
Frames us more high then fortune, and doth keep
Our mindes contented in distresses deep?
Is it the pimping water that doth flow
From poetasters *Helicon*, or no?

Is't the *Pierian* well? the font that uſes
To be attributed unto the Muſes?
Is that ſo lofty in each puny quill
That's on the inſteps of *Parnaſſus* hill?
Pauh, nanie is not, it's odious; and I tell ye,
Such liquor will breed chill-blains in the bellie,
And pimples in the brains; and never clime
Up to the feeble honour of a rime:
Much leſſe a Poem. But the only ſtream
That turnes all horrid ſorrowes to a dream
Of paradiſe, and makes a Poet ſhine,
Is *Bacchus*, bounded in a Pipe divine.
Here's *Helicon* in hoops, which doth convince
A Princes frown, and make a pleaſant Prince.
I told my friend this ſtory, but he ſwore
He nere knew *Helicon* had hoops before:
But hee's a fooliſh Imp, and for his pains,
I dig'd a whirl-pit in his greaſie brains,
And fill'd it with this liquor, which began
To make him ſtand t' his armes like any man.
Zounds, he began to ſwear. And ſwearing ſayes,
His bloud is up in armes, and he can raiſe
A whole Brigade of thoughts, which will not doubt
(If thought could do it) to give him the rout,
That routed great *Darius*, or orecome
The world with one poor finger and a thumb.
He cals *Apollo* skip-jack; and abuſes
Clio, *Urania*, yea, and all the Muſes;
Spits into Helicon, and then looks ſower:
Diſclaims its vertue, and denies its power.
He ſweares it poyſons Poetry. And then
He ſcratches *Pallas*, till ſhe bleed agen.
And now he fals to ſwearing by the Lord,
He'l run *Parnaſſus* thorough with the ſword

Of

Of his invention. And hee'd have you know it
Wine is the *Helicon* that makes a *Poet*.

2. Opportunity.

I.

WHy should I not dally (my Dear) in thine eye,
and chace the dull hours away?
He that lets such a fair opportunity flie,
he loses, his aime by delay.
And it's pity he ever should sip
Electar and Nectar, that flowes from thy lip.

II.

Upon thy fair tresses (which *Phœbus* excell)
my diligent fingers I'le twist.
O there's my desire for ever to dwell,
and I hope thou wilt never resist.
And ere and anon, &c.

III.

Upon thy fair breasts I'le be mounted aloft,
and there in my chariot I'le feel
The grain of thy body, more precious and soft
then the web of *Arachne's* wheel.
And ere and anon, &c.

IV.

I'le wander abroad in thy veins; and I'le seek
the mazes of pleasure and love.

The garden of *Venus* it is in thy cheek,
And thither my fancy ſhall move.
And ere and anon, &c.

V.

There, upon the lillies and roſes I'le light,
And gather my ſweets like the Bee.
And I will not go far for a lodging at night,
For ſurely the hive ſhall be thee.
And ere and anon, &c.

VI.

Where, when I am hurl'd, my neſt I will build,
Of Hony-combs all in a rank.
I'le buz in each corner untill it be fill'd,
And make thee more full in the flank.
And ere and anon, &c.

VII.

Come then with a Corniſh let us combine.
(I know thou canſt eaſily doe't)
Thou ſhalt take my heart, and I will take thine.
And I'le give thee my hand to boot.
And ere and anon I will ſip
Electar and Nectar that growes on thy lip.

---

3. *To his Rivall.*

I.

ANd wherefore do thy darts ariſe
To her ſweet eyes?

What though shee's fair? and others are
Not of a magnitude so rare
In vertue and in beauty? yet
Me thinks to quell
Those emulating thoughts, that swell
Beyond thy reason, would be wit.

II.

Tell me, what though her fame
Has rais'd her name
Above the crest of all the rest
Of her own sex, and doth invest
Her with desert of princely love?
What's that to thee?
Why shouldst thou swell with enmity?
Or from the square of prudence move?

III.

What though her face a copy were,
More bright and clear
Then all the theams and wanton dreams
Of Poets in their am'rous streams?
A president for future daies?
Must thou therefore
Repine at my successe? and roar
'Cause fate for me this lot did raise?

IV.

Did she ere court thee with delight?
Or lend least sight
(By smiles) that she affected thee?
Or would renounce her faith from me,
And of thy presents be possest?
The Gordian knot

W' have tri'd by *Hymen's* leave, and love
Then rob's not of loves intereſt.

V.

Or were't not for that ſponſal bond;
She's not ſo fond
To unbequeath her heart till death
Shall (*nolens volens*) ſtop her breath.
She alters not like nights and noons:
Luna and ſhe
Were not of one triplicitie,
Shee'l not change ſuiters with new Moons.

VI.

Ceaſe then t' importune. And withhold
Thy ſhowre of gold,
Mock thou not *Jove* in luſtfull love.
In vain thou ſeekſt the rock to move:
Call home thy folly, and reſtrain;
Or elſe who knowes
But thou (in ſpight of fate) mayſt loſe
Thy hopes, thy Charges, and thy pain.

4. *The Irony to* Phillis.

PHillis, O Phillis, ſhall I raiſe
Some lively ſonnet in thy praiſe?
Shall I confeſſe it is my duty,
To vail my bonnet to thy beauty?
And ſacrifice to thee (alone)
Hecatomb, compoſed on

Ten

Ten thousand scraps of rimes that be
Scrap't from old ruin'd Poetry;
Take wit at interest up, and use
Some mercenary Jugling muse,
That may uncase to you and me,
Not what you are, but fain would be.
And let her spend (at least) an age,
To trim you ready for the stage
Of fame, where you shall have progression
Not for the truth, but the expression.
Stifly affirming you more sweet and fair
Then fresh *Aurora*, or the air
In cloudy daies, and testifie
How many lovers from your eye
Took flame, and burnt both flesh and soules
To ashes, or at least to coales,
And justifie how many passe
To you, as to the Corinth Lasse.
And would not fear the infernal grove,
So they might but enjoy your love;
And warm their chiller spirits by
The sun-shine of your sacred eye.
With thousands more such words as these
(The marrow of *Hyperboles*)
Say, Shall I thus endeavour? No
This were t' applaud my mortall foe.
'Twas her false beauty, too too free
That like a tyrant martyr'd me.

5. Cruelty.

GO little Archer, to another zone,
And there display thy power: make it known
To savage brutes, whose sanguine desires
Give ground to fury, and enhaunce the fires
Of cruell onsets. Chaunt the wilder crew
Of sensuall creatures, such as never knew
One thought beneath a rigor. Go, and set
The conquering pile on the Rhinocerot.
Charm thou the Lion, and the Leopards fume:
Refrain the subtle foxes with thy plume.
This were a work of charity, an act
Of meer necessity; and would be backt
With popular applause. What though you can
Not temper them with reason, as a man
Is by divine instinction? yet you may
Prohibit their distempers, and allay
Their desperate madnesse; for we sadly prove
No shackle so restringent as love.
Then fly away from me, and do not use
Thy tyranny my freedome to abuse,
Since it is needlesse. I was tame before,
Needing no instigation to adore,
Where duty bids. Go seek another shaft,
That may divert the former: and and by craft,
Reduce me to my reason, that doth lie
Dazl'd and martyr'd by a virgins eye.
O clasp those lids, and let my senses turn
To their own vertue, or to coals I burn.

6. The cruel Boy.

NOr *Boreas* blasts, nor Vulcans bellowes;
Nor fortunes low, nor lofty fellowes;
Nor outward care, nor inward sorrow,
Nor newes of ill shall come to morrow,
Could make my intellects more stupid,
Then has the pregnant bow of *Cupid*.
Proud *Mars* his lusty blowes will smart
Not half so much as his small dart.
He conquers all men by his quiver,
And he himself is conquer'd never.
And who would think a childe should doe
Such noble feats? Consider too
What aid he hath to hold the fort;
They are but of the weaker sort.
His Counter-scarps, half-moons, and trenches,
Are manag'd all by wanton wenches;
And yet they are not volunteers,
For they must all be prest he swears:
Yet sure if wisdome would but pause,
In little time she'd finde the cause
Why they so strong their turrets keep,
'Tis cause their trenches are so deep;
So deep dame Nature did alot um,
That never man could finde the bottome,
Unlikely then that we should win,
That sink so low as entring in.

7. A walk in a ſummer-morning.

I.

JUly inviting in a morning ſweet,
(when fair *Aurora* plaid
With golden *Phœbus* in a crimſon ſheet,
Untill they were betrayd)
Florina (whom the gods applaud
For beauty) went with me abroad.
But Oh the bliſſes, the Seraphick bliſſes
I found, to feed my ſoul, in her ſweet kiſſes!

II.

Such the perfections of *Florina* were,
Such pleaſure in her love,
That every verdant Arbor did appear
As manſions all above
The Cryſtalline, where *Jove* attends
To welcome all his jovial friends.
But Oh, &c.

III.

Bright were the heavens, and their houſes ſwept:
Virgo began to riſe.
Agnus a galliard danc't, and *Taurus* leapt,
While *Philomell* deſies
The ſleeping *Bubo*: every ſweet,
To blend loves harmony did meet.
But Oh, &c.

When

IV.

When I had poyſed every pleaſant ſhow,
And ſumm'd up all in jeſt,
I found the totall object too too low
To entertain the gueſt.
For if the Poets had her ſeen,
Then deifi'd ſhe ſhould have been.
But Oh the bliſſes, the Seraphick bliſſes,
I found to feed my ſoul, in her ſweet kiſſes.

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8. *Thalius* and *Clarena*.

Thalius.

What new diſcurſeſie has preſt,
To be *Clarena*'s boſom gueſt?
What policy has over-aw'd,
(What th' publique eye did once applaud,
And glory in) the chearfu'l beam
Of thy curl'd brow? (loves copious theam).

Clarena.

Ah wofull wretch, diſtreſſed ſoul,
Deluded maid, ſweet *Mars* did foul
My paſſing bell, for I have found
With this, with this deſtroying wound,
I am already pierc't; and why
Should I (poor heart!) whoſe conſtancy
Is croſt by love, and whoſe ill fate
Sees her ſad deſtiny too late)
Once think to live? or own the ſtriſe
Of action, which aſſiſteth life?

Thalius.

Thalius.

Sweet ſtar, let fall thy influence,
And learn me to unlock the ſenſe
Of thy invellop'd words, let's ſee
What in theſe Hieroglyphicks be.
Diſplay the emblemes of dark ire,
And light my limped eyes with fire
Of thy expreſſion. [*Clarena*] *Charon* come,
I'de fain be at Elizium.
I loath to live. I'le not indure
My thought ſhould feed on what's impure.

Tha.

Alas this this is no ſatisfaction:
No antidote to my diſtraction.
Some ſullen fate has lately flown
Into thy contentation,
Whoſe tenure to thy *Thalius* ſhow,
That he may aid thee in thy woe.

Clarena.

Charon where's thy tranſporting boat?
Ore *Stygian* waves I'de gladly float.
Thalius be ſilent, let me die,
And never ask the reaſon why.

Tha.

Charon keep back, and come not here
To rob me of my deareſt deer:
Let not her abſence me prevent,
But let me know her diſcontent.

Clarena.

Clarena.
Imperfect ſoul, (whoſe painted maſk
Shrouds meer deceit) how canſt thou aſk
The tenure of my toyle, when thou
Procuredſt it but even now?

Thalius.
Heaven aid my weakneſſe, and declare
In what reſpect my failings are.
Could my *Clarena* ſink as low
As ere my baſeſt thoughts did grow;
She, in that depth ſhould not diſcover
The leaſt of a deceiving lover.

Clar.
I but too ſadly I am told
How thou art brib'd by luſt and gold,
To violate thy vowes, and ſtain
Thy fair pretences with foul gain.

Thal.
To th' gods I ſwear it is untrue,
I never lov'd a ſhe but you;
Nor did I ere imbrace a ſhe
For luſt or gold: gods what ſay ye?

Clar.
Report ſaies otherwiſe. [*Tha.*] Report,
Is more uncertain then the Court.
And will you build your faith upon
Feeble Reports foundation?
Heaven can witneſſe I was never
Shot by a dart from *Cupid*'s quiver:

Whoſe

Whoſe bow was not your brow, whoſe pile
Was not your own ſubduing ſmile.
Some ſad affiults indeed have bin
Acted by theſe whoſe loathſome ſin
Is impudence: and they, whoſe aime
Is leſſe intereſs'd then their fame:
In goodneſſe, flowing with more paſſion
Then is receiv'd with acceptation.
Such, ſuch whoſe ill ambitions are
To catch in their malicious ſnare,
Thoſe that are free; ſuch as would ſhoot
And batter down all good repute.
Cauſe there might none unſported be
To rail at their iniquity.
'Tis true, by theſe I have been face'd,
And in a ſingle ſenſe diſgrac't:
But unto theſe I nere inclin'd,
Nor gave the hoſtage of my minde,
Nor did I think *Clarena* cou'd
Have once ſuſpected that my bloud
Was ſo unworthy as to pleaſe,
Or take impreſs from ſuch as theſe.
If I ſhould once be leſſe then thine,
Alas I ſhould be none of mine.
Should I (in paſſion) once agree
To play upon another ſhee,
I ſhould ſuppoſe my ſin moſt great,
And (like a Hermite) nere retreat
To ſee thy face; but end my yeare
In deſerts, where no ſign appeare
Of love, and beauty. *Clarena*,
Speak thou thy ſelf, thy ſelf, and ſay,
I know thou lov'ſt me paſſing well:
Thy fancy had no parallell.

And

And where most love doth reign (we see)
There alwaies is most jealousie;
And where most jealousie's in fashion,
There's most critick observation.
Say then *Clarena*., thou, whose eyes
Have peept in all my secrecies;
And out of conscience, say if you
Ere found what now report doth shew.
Did not your self (with more intent
Then they, whose words and complement
Proceed from idlenesse, which drawes
A large discourse from any cause)
Inspect my life? yet never saw
The smallest breach in Cupids law.

Clarena.

'Tis true. [*Tha.*] O clear the heavens then,
And let thy cheeks return agen
To their first splendor. Call no more
For *Charon's* boat to cast thee ore.
But let's renew our faith, and so
Wee'l finde Elizium ere we go,
Plac'd in our loves. [*Cla.*] Pardon, I've done;
I'le court thee with an orison.
Pardon, O pardon, I confesse
My own, my own unworthinesse.

Tha.

Can she unworthy be, whose face
And vertuous temper, and whose grace,
The glorious angels, nay yet higher,
The gods (inrag'd with earnest fire)
Vaxe warm by courting? I'le give ore,
Thy pardon's seal'd, I'le say no more.

Cla.

Clarena.
With kisses then, my own I'le cherish:
Dumps get you gone; let sorrow perish.
I'le live and love, *Charon* avoyd,
More nobly are my thoughts imploy'd.
Thalius is mine, and boast I may,
That I am his true *Clarena.*

---

9. *The Complaint.*

I.

AH mee! I faint, I fall, I perish,
Unlesse my *Claria* come and cherish
My blew lips with a balmy kisse
Sacred blisse,
That recovers
The infatuate souls of lovers.
Come and feed
Me at need.

II.

Where art thou gone, th' art alwaies void,
When thou shouldst be the best imploy'd.
Empty, airy, easie, gentle-thing,
Let us cling.
'Tis an action,
Gives love-sick spirits satisfaction,
And doth rout
Pining doubt.

Com

II.

Come let us twinde, let's clip and close,
And drink Nectarian juice, that flowes
From the fresh riv'lets of thy lips;
Where there skips
Many a Cupid
To revive a soul that's stupid.
And relieve
Us that grieve.

---

10. *The Refusal.*

NAy do not urge thines eyes: no tear
shall rear
Recantation in my heart.
No art
shall disresolve my fixed minde;
Nor binde
me over to anothers will.
I'le fill
No fancies but my own, where love
Doth move
me to solicite in this sute,
I'le do't.
shall thy untempered tears recall,
And thrall
A heart that's free, to fry and tire
In fire
Of vexing fancy? No, I'le first
Be curst

With each pernicious and ill fate,
But that,
When I was firſt polluted in
The ſin
Of ſerving thee, thou hadſt no purſe;
Nay worſe,
Thou hadſt not one poor ſpark of grace,
Nor face
That might intice me, no deſert
Thou wert
Indow'd with. All thy breaſt within
Was ſin,
Yet though thou haſt no coyne nor grace,
Nor face;
And though thy ſins are manifold,
Untold:
It is not this provokes my heart
To part
With thine; only my will (I vow)
Sayes, Goe,
Or otherwiſe I could have ſtaid,
And plaid
The fool, I could diſpend with all
Thoſe ſmall
Defects, and could have born what ere
Was there
Of ſin too much, only I muſt
Be juſt
Unto my will, which has forſook
Loves book;
Then do not welter at my change,
Think ſtrange
At no miſchance. 'Tis the ſame cauſe
Withdrawes

My love as won it. Both my love and loathing
Spring only hence, I love and loath for nothing.

11. *The Check.*

DOwn ye aspiring thoughts, where would ye mount?
What? would ye veil proud *Atlas* brow, or count
The countlesse lights of heaven? Do you strive
(With *Polyphemus*) to unthrone, and drive
Great *Jupiter* from his imperial seat?
Alas, alas, your power is not so great.
Review your weaknesse, span your selves again,
I am but dust and ashes; O refrain
This frailty, and self-flattery, and see
The inside of thine imbecillitie.
I'm but a pondrous clod, and cannot rise
Above the stage of earth, each thought that flies
Higher then that, is haughty, and doth prance,
And may (with its excelsity) advance
My finall ruine. He that looks to sit
Above his fellowes, deals with pride, not wit:
His guide is Folly, and his friend a stranger;
The Life-guard of his safety is but Danger.
Then die conceits, and rest within the tombe
Of earth, polluted earth, from whence ye come.

12. The Query.

SAy; Shall I love her? I, or no?
Her that has left me wounded so,
So wounded that I must indure
An endlesse wound, a wound past cure;
Past all the cure of physicks art,
That art works nothing on a heart,
A grieved heart, a heart that groans,
That groans for love, whom love disowns:
Whom love (for spite) did set on fire;
Did set on fire, and then retire;
Retire (like *Nero*) to some mont,
And there in scorn did look upon't,
Upon the heart she had betraid;
Upon the flame that she had made.
Oh, shall I still her eyes adore?
Adore her eyes that have giv'n ore,
Giv'n ore to heal me, or recruite
My faintings, when one look would do't?
Say, Shall I at her absence grieve?
Or pin my love upon her sleeve?
No, all's but passion, and there needs
No such endevour, no such deeds.
Then farewell love, thou restlesse guest,
And lodge no longer in my breast.
I'le walk no more in beauties light,
Since 'tis more dangerous then night;
Full of deceitfull Crannies: and
Will scarcely let good tempers stand

day in peace. And hardly knowes
At beſt) how to pay half it owes,
ur offered ſouls it takes in vain,
nd payes our favours with diſdain.

13. The Wiſh.

I.

O That I had by *Gyges* ring,
Or *Dedalus* his well-flegd'd wing,
r *Europ*'s Bull; or any thing

II.

hat would convey me to that Zone,
Where my heart (imp't by love) is flown,
nd left me dying all alone.

III.

et ſpeaking tears expreſſe my woes.
h heartleſſe man! Oh fortune! Oh!
ove, bring my heart, or let me go,

IV.

o fetch that tyrant's that poſſeſſes
ine in her boſome, and neer gueſſes
he large extent of my diſtreſſes.

V.

et ſince th' haſt ſtoln (by thy ſweet power)
y heart, and keep'ſt it in thy tower.
nd leav'ſt me in deſpair to louer,

VI.

I'le count ſuch fortune but a bubble:
And to revenge me of this trouble,
I'le ſay thou haſt a heart that's double.

---

14. *The Petition.*

I.

O Pity, pity him that fryes
Upon the grid-irons of thine eyes.
What greater plague could hell deviſe?

II.

No Juniper has ſuch a coal:
No torture can torment a ſoul
So bad as love when't doth controul.

III.

The Sun growes warmer by my fire:
And by my ſighs the winds retire.
My tears advance the Ocean higher.

IV.

O turn, thou Antidote alone,
And mollifie thy heart of ſtone,
Before I periſh fleſh and bone.

V.

Change thou thy Marble into moſſe:
And do not ſmell of *Charing-croſſe*.
To loſe a hard heart is no loſſe.

VI.

VI.

O cool me in thy shady grove:
And from my senses quite remove
The sulpherous odour of a stove.

VII.

Or else a tyrant thou wilt bee,
That hast the heart to stand and see
The wofull martyrdom of mee.

VIII.

Of me, whose labour and endever,
Was prone to be thy slave for ever,
And to resist thy fancy never.

IX.

Of me, whose solace, and whose rest
Could not suppose it self more blest,
Then when I thought thou lov'dst me best.

X.

Of me, of me, and only me,
That fanci'd once, I ne're could be
Happy, but in thy companie.

XI.

And now that thou shouldst be my bane,
Retorting such reward again,
Is grief too great for me t' explain.

XII.

But since I must be thus withstood,
And none may quench my boyling blood;
My passion shall produce a flood.

XIII.

A flood of tears shall flow so free,
That they shall quench these flames in mee:
And then I'le scorn thy Love, and thee.

---

15. *A brave temper.*

I.

YOu lumps of the earth, will you never be wise?
Go barter your plumbets for plumes, and arise.
Your spirits you tire, like Dun in the mire.
The gold and the silver that Fortune hath lent you,
Hold your freedoms in chace, and disfigure the face;
And in stead of a pleasure, are toyles that torment you.

II.

And these are the blessings your labours beget,
Y'are clear of the Compters, yet ye are in debt;
For sadly you finde you have prison'd your minde;
And nothing can baile out your hearts from your purses.
Besides you induce Panick fear, and abuse,
Well riveted in by the poor, in their curses.

III.

Now as for the Poets, they feel no such weight:
What they gain in the morning, they spend at the night.

And

And when they haue done, they lie down with the ſun,
Commending their bodies to heavens protection.
And they fear not the thief that diſturbs your relief;
That keeps you awake, and your joyes in ſubjection.

IV.

There's none wil break through our wals (we preſume)
To riffle our coffers, and ranſack our room.
We have no ſuch things as Jewels and rings.
No St——thief nor high-way man aims at our treaſure.
We do what we pleaſe, and our ſelves keep the keyes
Of our own inlargement: and take't at our pleaſure.

V.

Each man is a Conſull t' himſelf, and doth ſit
Sole Judge in the Courts of Canary and wit.
We build not our hopes on the pardons of Popes.
Our hearts they are clear, and we will not imbrue um
With corruptible crimes, and errors of times,
We never fall out about *meum* and *tuum*.

VI.

While we in the lofts of our liquor do lie,
The eyes Aſtronomy reach not ſo high;
For then we have more of riches in ſtore,
Then they which have purchaſt *Epiſcopal* livings:
With the lands, and the means of *Chapters* and *Deans*,
Which now's their fee-ſimple for only thanks-givings.

VI. *The*

16. *The Search.*

Out she's gone, and I will follow:
Help me, help me good *Apollo.*
Come *Lucina*, bring thy taper:
Lusty *Mars* lend me thy rapier.
I'le not stay for time nor danger;
Nor be dasht by friend or stranger.
Night and day I'le not be quiet;
Nor receive my rest, nor diet,
Till I finde
What my minde
Feeds upon. No frowning rigor,
No fierce Wolf, nor furious Tyger
Shall repeal me, or refrain me;
No ingagement shall constrain me.
No false pleasure shall me flatter;
No tempestuous storm shall batter
Down my fixed resolution;
Nor affront my prosecution,
Till my breath
Fails by death.
But who shall be my attendant,
Presbyter or Independant?
Pages, sure I need not any,
Though I might be serv'd by many.
With no rivall I will mingle;
Love is best when it is single:
Ergo I alone will wander,
Till alone I understand her

That

That doth ſway
Night and day
My vext fancy. Oh but whither
Shall I ramble to be with her?
If among the gods I enter,
There I ſhall not circumvent her,
She's not ſo devoutly given,
As to lodge her ſoul in heaven.
She conceiv'd it not her duty
To truſt more to zeal then beauty.
Nor could I
Ere diſcry
Any cauſe why ſhe ſhould do it,
When I nicely look into it:
Beauty (natures prize and potion)
Got more profit then devotion.
Is't not true then? judge you of it,
We love that moſt yeelds moſt profit;
Therefore I will never minde her
In cœleſtial orbs to finde her;
It would be
Hard for me:
Yet perhaps ſhe took her ſtation
In ſome apparent Conſtellation,
Which, if ſea-men did but know it,
They would point their ſtaffe unto it:
And for obſervations, follow
Her in ſtead of bright *Apollo*.
If among the birds ſhe gathers,
She'l be noted by her feathers,
Such as are
Richly fair
And will quite forſake loves fountains,
For the ſweet *Arabian* mountains,

Where

Where the *Phenix* lately burned,
To whose nature she is turned.
If with *Pluto* she abideth,
And within those groves resideth;
Then I am resolv'd to think it,
That she is in every *Pinket*,
That is seen
On the green.
But why are my thoughts extended
To such breadth? she's comprehended
On the surface of the centre
Where earth's globe doth complement her.
She's apparent in each flower,
And therein displayes her power.
Smell but on the sweetest posies:
Look upon the blushing roses;
There thine eye
Shall discry
Her, but 'tis too faint and weakly,
And in them she looketh sickly.
Th' are but types, and cannot shew her
As she is, one half so pure.
She is the prop of natures glory;
Beauty far exceeding story,
That may teach perfection better
By her golden rule and letter.
Such is she
Sought by me.
Now if any man discryes her,
For loves sake let him surprise her;
Let him take her by the finger,
And to *Cupid*'s palace bring her.
And of her take twice two kisses,
And hee'l need no greater blisses.

'Tis

'Tis sufficient to requite all
His endevours. So good night all
You that know
Lovers woe.

17. A Woman.

I.

A Woman is a wanton thing,
And only serves to dandle,
A bow that bends without a string:
A knife without a handle;
For if thereon your hand you put,
It's ten to one but you are cut.

II.

A woman is a lighted taper,
She burneth as she sings:
Lovers (like flies) while there they vapour,
They scorch away their wings;
Then down they fall into her pit,
And there they drown both joy and wit.

III.

A woman for her constancy,
I'le worship and adore:
For she is bad, and she will be
The same for evermore:
Or if she change from doing ill,
Be sure 'tis done against her will.

IV. A

IV.

A woman is a myſterie,
The learned ſcan
Whoſe bottom ne're could fathom'd be
By all the art of man:
And ſhe is one that can adorn
Her husbands forehead with a horn.

V.

A woman's a *Theorbo Lute*,
That's alwaies ſet in tune:
And if you put your pen unto't
From mid-night untill noon;
Yet ſhee'l be loath to let you go,
Becauſe ſhe loves the muſick ſo.

VI.

A woman is a Hartichoak;
Whoſe leaves are only good:
Her pleaſant outſide doth provoak
Our veins and vernall bloud;
But if you touch her to the core,
It's ten to one you finde a wh--re.

---

18. *Diſdain.*

18. *Disdain.*

IS this Loves court of Conscience, to infer
So many darts on one poor sufferer?
No triple *Gerion*, or fierce *Hydra* found
So many heads, so many stings to wound
The *Trojan* Prince unfortunate. There lies
Not half so many beamlings from the eyes
Of well-stor'd *Argus*, as my wanton foe
Hath unlaborious projects to orethrow.
O you unworthy Nature, for your tricks,
I'me bound to curse you: you that love to mix
A pride with beauty, you that interlace
A curst condition with a comly face;
That make such active engines, to surprise
Your friends, and make them suffer sacrifice.
You that are fair without, but all within
Foul with ambition, that contains a gin,
First ticing in idolatry to erre,
And then to prize on the Idolater.
When first this *Circe* had my senses charm'd
I mounted *Cupid*, most stoutly arm'd
T'oppose the adversary, and orethrow
His wanton fury, but he brings his bow
Unto her hand, and bids her to be sure
She shoot at such a heart, and stand secure.
Then in a fury, she began to throw
Her witchcrafts to increase my former woe.
A scornful smile upon me then she threw,
And seconds it with a quick pish or two.

So

So spritefully upon me she did fall
You'd think her body were a soul and all.
More subtle was she to inlarge my grief
Then *Cacus*, or *Promethens* (that brave thief)
To gain cœlestial fire. Shee increases
Her doubled blushes, and set's out her tresses;
Makes every burnisht hair upon her browes,
A mortall shaft to slay me, but allowes
No thought of love, no fancy, nor desire
T' allay the fervour, and asswage the fire
Her beauty kindled. But (disdaining high)
Displayes a brighter banner to my eye,
As who should say, Thou fondling, if I can,
I'le triumph in thy misery (poor man!)
But hang't, I care not, I will act a part
With resolution; since I finde my heart,
The more it hovers, and with care implores,
The more it's wounded with disdainfull sores.
I'le call my fancy home, and bid her rest
Within the private Cottage of my brest,
And I will be its nurse, and care no more
For beauty, then she car'd for me before.

19. *Commendation.*

I.

MY Mistresse is fair, my Mistresse is rare;
Her beauty's a marchlesse treasure,
In every part, for nature and art,
Fair *Venus* her self doth measure.

And upon my soul she has not the mole
That on dame *Venus* cheek did grow;
Her beauty no blot doth know.

II.

Fair *Helen* of Greece, that Amorous piece,
That pleasant and notable sinner,
Although such a flood of rational blood
Was spilt by her rivals to win her;
Yet could she not be so lovely as she,
Whom fortune hath elected forth,
To conquer me by her worth.

III.

So neatly she moves, so swiftly she loves;
Her glance is enough to ravish.
Her sanctifi'd eye shines moderately;
'Tis neither too close, nor lavish:
Her smile (if she please) can cure each disease
Where profound Empericks may fail,
Her courtesie can prevail.

IV.

An armfull of blisse, so sacred as this,
Jove never composed nor courted;
With angels so bright, and full of delight,
The poetick pens never sported.
Don Quixot would be in combate with me,
Did his quick knowledge but discry
My fancy had flown so high.

V.

Come then my fair Gem, and value not them
That can not indure to be quiet.

In mine armes be thou hurl'd while the troublesome (world
makes war and rebellion its diet;
And then my desire shall ramble no higher:
My heart from care I will set free;
Thy love is enough for me,

---

20. *A Letter sent into the Countrey.*

Friend,

I Give an answer, as it is my duty;
Because ye wrote to know of *Grizels* beauty.
O Monstrous! Beauty I to thee petition,
Thou art more wondrous then an Apparition:
More bright then scoured *Andirons*, and more clear
Then new Stepony; and as brown as Beer.
Thou art as blew as starch in every vein;
Enough to make a Monkey break his chain.
Her hair (wherein my tangled heart doth lie)
Shines far more bright then whip-cord to mine eye:
Her breath's a Champion, for it's mighty strong;
Her eye-brow hair is nigh three inches long.
Her eyes, (I vow, I almost had forgot um)
Are broader then a sawcer at the bottom:
Her nose (that Gem which nature did allow)
Stands jetting, like the coulter of a plow:
Thy lips (alas too light a word to show
Their heavy worth) like dri'd bull-pizles grow
Both round and riv'led: furrow'd deep (together)
As blew as Azure, and as tough as leather.
But shall I speak a word unto her mouth?
It goes from pole to pole, from north to south,

Incom-

Incompassing a cell, that's full as deep
As th' Devils arse of Peake; where the) that peep
For bottom, lose their labour; and are fain
To come away (repenting) back again,
Her teeth (those head-towes that so much have grac't (her)
Are not of Ivoury, nor of Alabaster:
Hast thou ere seen a mouse-trap, that is made
With steel indented? (art thou not afraid
To hear the dreadfull rapture?) such they be,
But are not set with such equality.
Park-pales they do resemble. (Help, O heaven-I
My fainting Muse, when theams are so uneven.
Help good *Apollo*, raise me ten notes higher.
Send down *Urania*: or do thou inspire
Me with the dregs of Poetry, and sense,
Let me not write with vulgar eloquence,
On pieces so imperfect, where doth lie
In every wrinkled fold, some mystery.)
Oh the majestick visard of her chin,
That bears her chops away through thick and thin.
Jobtail'd thou art, contex'd like a knot,
Th'art just like something, but I know not what:
Thy cheeks fall back, as though for some ill cause,
Thou went'st to hide them safe, between thy Jawes.
Thy neck shall not be placed in our rime,
We'l keep the neck-verse till another time.
But Oh thy back, thy shoulders and thy waist,
Thy bouncing buttocks, and thy thighes, ore-cast
With Canopies of Canvase, and of Sarge,
I'le not speak much of them, they are too large
For ten-feet verses; But I've seen them stand
Like great *Colossus* in another land.
Her inner part's so holy, that I dare
Not own so prond a thought as to enter there;

Leſt I blaſpheme the Idol; and become,
For that offence, barr'd from Elizium.
Thus I, in part, have told you what I know,
Of things above, and things that are below:
And for what's wanting, I muſt needs refer
Unto the next return o'th Carrier.

21. *The invitation to walk.*

Clarena, Come and let's repair
Into the fields to take the air.
And in what place ſo ere we come,
Thy preſence makes Elizium.
Let rurall ſwains adore thy fame;
And Courtiers comment on thy name:
And let the world thy beauty ſee,
That Poets may eternize thee.
Step out with me to yonder bower,
And there we'l pluck the faireſt flower:
And when w'have done, we'l view, and ſee,
Which is the faireſt, it or thee:
See'ſt thou thoſe bloſſom'd trees (that ſhine
With common glory, not with thine,
With thine that did receive a gloſe
Beyond the luſtre of a roſe,
From heavens bounty) how they wait
To wanton in their happy fate
Of thy ſweet preſence? wherein paſſion
Of love, and joy, and emulation,
They may conſpire themſelves, and ſee
Their own deſpis'd deformity.

Inv

nvade *Priapus*, ſee his leeks,
And ſet thy luſtre on his cheeks,
And he no ſooner will eſpie
The heavenly tulip of thine eye,
ut in a paſſion he will run
As Owles avoid the light of ſun)
nto a corner, and will powr
own tears more laviſh then a ſhow'r,
o ſee himſelf exceeded ſo,
nd muſt become a theam below
nothers worth. Me thinks I ſee
The buſhes becken unto thee.
The dewy morn has ſhed a tear,
ecauſe ſhe wants thy preſence there.
Then prethee let's go to the plain,
r elſe let's go to bed again.

22. *A Mole on* Celia's *Cheek.*

I.

WHat's that (fair *Celia*) doth preſume
To th' manſion of (that heavenly room)
hy cheek? Doth beauty bud or bloom?

II.

r elſe did Nature place it there,
n emulation, and for fear
hou ſhouldſt above her ſelf appear?

III.

And ſo ſhe thought (as well ſhe might)
She were not th'author of ſo bright
A Gem, as on thy cheeks did light.

IV.

Or were it by a power divine?
That ſo that lively face of thine,
Might not without a blemiſh ſhine.

V.

Nor might appear beyond the Moon,
Which is for earth too high a boon;
For nothing's perfect that's ſublune.

VI.

And ſo each Idolizing eye
(That in ſo bright a Zone doth lie)
Should take thee for a Deity.

VII.

On this account 't might haply be,
For goddeſſes do ſtrive (we ſee)
In beauty for priority.

VIII.

Yet how ſo ere it came, I wot,
It ſerves her for a beauty ſpot,
And to her ſplendor is no blot.

IX.

Venus had one, or else I dare,
Be so audacious as to swear,
Sh'had nere been counted half so fair.

X.

'Tis poverty that plenty prizes;
The worth of health by sickness rises;
And beautie's better'd by disguises.

XI.

White, with black spots, doth whiter show;
And she no woman is (I trow)
That has not one, 'bove or below.

---

23. *The Bitter-Sweeting.*

I.

SAw you *Aurora*, in her morning dresse,
Ere sable clouds approach
Her burnisht tresses to oppresse,
And vail her crimson Coach?
So fair, and fairer *Claria* shines,
Whose heavenly glance injoynes
All eyes that view her,
To praise her and persue her.

II.

Ah! but thou serpent of infernall breed,
Ambition, that do'st rest

With

With restlesse actions, and dost feed
Within so fair a breast;
Thou spoyl'st the glory of this star,
With thy deforming fear:
Th' hast blurr'd her rayes,
Like spotted *Cynthia's*.

III.

Has never fame created in thine ears
Pallas her pregnant wit?
Tush, tush, my *Clavia's* fancy rears
More lively works then it,
Whence Poets must their phrases draw
And Satyrs stand in aw;
And dare not louer
Against so strange a power.

IV.

Ah! but thou seed of pestilential race,
Incontinency, sprung
From *Pluto's* Cave, or some such place,
My *Clavia* thou dost wrong:
Poysnest the prudence of her brain
With infamy, and stain;
And gainest more
Hate, then wit gain'd love before.

V.

And now my *Clavia*, for so clear a beauty,
And wit so pure and free,
I must imbrace it as my duty
To love and honour thee:
Yet from those vices that arise,

I've

I've learned to despise
A thing that's foul,
With all, with all my soul.

24. The Cheat.

I.

ONce I did love, and loved true,
Ah! but it prov'd in vain.
Claria, I fell in love with you,
You vow'd to love, and more you said,
Your love should be divine.
What prank soever fortune plaid,
Yet still you would be mine.

II.

This re-inforc't my new born zeal,
And did ingage me more
Loves charming blisses to reveal,
Then ere I durst before.
I fetcht expressions lovers use
To court their Ladies by,
From *Helicon*; and every Muse
Claria did deifie.

III.

With *Indian* pearl, and gifts the best
Of nature and of art,
I fed this love, and with the rest

I gave my wounded heart;
And then I thought thou hadst been mine,
No reason urg'd my doubt,
My fate was rich, my joyes divine,
With blessings wall'd about.

IV.

Because she did my presents take,
And own me as her own,
I little thought she would forsake
him she had pitcht upon:
I thriv'd in Confidence; and said,
Fortune had chose for me
The prettiest and the wittiest maid
That ever eyes did see.

V.

But when I had conceived so,
Then I was most deceiv'd:
Oh little, little did I know
Of thee I was bereav'd.
Celestial beauty! How couldst thou
Commit so foul a fact,
As to infringe a sacred vow
With ceremony backt?

VI.

Unconstant fate, unconstant love,
Unconstant Lady too.
I'le scorn you all, and will remove
My love away from you.
And since unblemisht love must be
rewarded in such sort,
Henceforth I'le fix my love on thee
But for an *hours sport.*

25. The Catch.

I.

COme to the brim (boy) fill our bouls,
'Tis wine new vamps our heart:
And ſets a gloſſe upon our ſouls
Beyond the power of Art.

II.

'Tis wine that drowns corrupting woes;
And Fortunes fury quenches:
The poor man whileſt in ſack he flowes,
He feels no want but *Wenches*.

26. The Weather-cock.

I.

Z'Life I reach my ſword, for in my rage,
In thouſand bits I'le flaſh
The *Gnatko's* that defile our age,
And break their bones to maſh.
Thoſe that will turn
Ere they will burn,
And flink at every flaſh.

II. Thoſe

II.

Thoſe that their Prince and Peers adore
For intereſt of their own :
Thoſe, when their fortunes are blown ore,
Will vaniſh, and are gone.
And baſely will,
Like ſwallowes, ſtill
Seek out the warmeſt Zone.

III.

Thoſe that have learned to divide
Their hearts and tongues in two ;
That will abet on either ſide,
Serve both the falſe and true.
And you that can
Praiſe every man
That keeps a bribe for you.

VI.

If *Ceſar* daign to ſmile on ſuch,
No paradiſe ſo ſweet :
But if he frowns and frowneth much,
Their fortune's under feet ;
And then their bliſs
And pleaſure is
Lapt in a winding ſheet.

V.

If *Ceſar* prayes to *Mahomet*,
Then thou wilt be a *Turk* ;
Or if Popes pardons be will get,
Thou'lt do the ſelf-ſame work.

Thus

Thus doth thy zeal
To his appeal,
And in his lap doth lurk.

IV.

Shall *Cæsar's* frown, or *Cæsars* smile
Ring change in my devotion?
Or shall I pawn my faith a while
To amplifie my potion?
No, no I hate
To wheel with fate,
Or move with every motion.

VII.

Poor is his faith, and poor his friend,
And poorer his renown,
Whose joy and sorrow must depend
On *Cæsars* smile or frown.
Such fabricks stand
On sliding sand,
And soon are tumbled down.

VIII.

'Tis you profesſe Religion right;
And hate to hear of evill;
Yet in the darkest caves you'l light
A candle to the Devill.
'Tis you whose paint
Sets forth a Saint,
Yet you are most uncivill.

IX.

'Tis you that act a double Scene;
Ye seem to be profound,

To

To this or that ſide ye will lean,
And ſtand on any ground.
'Tis you (I ſwear)
That run with th' hare;
And follow with the hound.

X.

My reſolution is a rock
Of ſteel, and doth diſdain
To yeeld unto the proudeſt knock,
Inchantments are in vain.
I'le never prove
To fall in love
For fear or filthy gain.

---

27. The Upſtart.

WHy ſhould I humour every critick fool,
Whoſe law's his will, whoſe ignorance his rule;
Whoſe prying cenſure ſeldome keeps at home;
Whoſe tongue talks only of great things to come;
Whoſe heart forgets his *unde*, and looks higher
Then the low fabricks of deſert aſpire:
Whoſe arrogancy does abhorre the newes
Of *quondam* poverty, and does refuſe
To honour thoſe, who formerly did bleſſe
Him with old ſuits, and cloath his nakedneſſe
For pities ſake. 'Cauſe now by fate h's riſen,
And hoyſt upon a Cock-horſe from a priſon:

Shall

Shall he therefore that once was ſo abſurd,
Now think to claim acquaintance with the bird
Of worthy *Jove*? or ſhall my breath applaud him?
For by reſpect of lucre, ſhall I laud him?
No, let him periſh with his pride, and fall,
The Devil give him reverence, and all
His damned crew, for they have reaſon for't
Cauſe he is Vice-roy of their ſable Court:
'Tis not th' extention of his new ſwoln fate
That ſhall allure me to lick up the hair,
Nor yet the fury of his pride and paſſion
Shall ere unhaſp my temper from its ſtation.
Do what he can, yet I on no condition,
Will be a ſervant unto his ambition.
Though he's incourag'd by an ample fee
Of nimble Fortune, and has outrun mee
That had the beſt on't once, yet I will ſwim
Through every plague before I'le creep to him.
Not that I murmur at his good ſucceſſe,
But laugh and ſcorn at his unworthineſſe.
He that has chang'd his fleece, and now thinks fit,
By changing of his fleſh to better it.
He's the true object of the pureſt hate
That alters his conditions with eſtate.

18. The Declaration.

I.

Clara, th'art abſolutely wiſe:
Clara, th' art fair and fine,
And thou wouldſt perfect all my joyes
If thou wouldſt but be mine.
In truth I love thee with my heart,
Though others tell thee ſo;
And ſay thy love ſhall nere depart,
Yet ſtill thou ſeeſt they go.

II.

O truſt them not, they'l work thy woe;
Their love is all in tongue,
Their fiery zeal at firſt doth ſhow
It will not tarry long.
Their love's attended with a curſe,
'Tis barb'rous and injuſt;
They only love thee for thy purſe;
Or elſe their love is luſt.

III.

They promiſe Joyntures fair and good,
Their hearts will be thy debter:
All this is 'cauſe th' have underſtood
Thy fortune is the better,
Is better then their own, (they know)
And hence it is they move thee;
But my affection is not ſo,
It is for love I love thee.

IV. Wo

IV.

Were thou as poor as ere was girl,
Yet I abhorre to halt;
For in mine eyes thou art a pearl,
And so thou ever shalt.
I love those jewels in thy breast,
Thy vertue and thy wit.
And all the gods shall me attest,
I only love for it.

---

29. *To her Friend.*

'TIs not with haughty malice I aspire
To court your sense: nor arm'd with *Cupid*'s fire.
No wanton philtre does inforce my quill,
The sacred orbs of your blest ears to fill.
I'm no rejected *Echo*, who to gain
Narcissus favour, takes a world of pain,
Divides the winde, the brambles, and the briers;
Hoping to kindle his untempered fires.
I mean not thus: 'tis reason doth invade,
'Tis she that acts, and she that would perswade,
She (mov'd with friendship) bids me, if I may,
Unveil your eyes, and drive those mists away,
That shroud the genius of your soul, and draw
Your frantick fancie to another law,
Then that of reason: tainted and unjust,
Created not of honesty, but lust.
What can you see of vertue, or of art
In her you love, that may exact your heart

To yeeld obedience to her frowns and smiles?
She's all deceit, and where she comes, beguiles.
Is it her beauty only, that doth move
Thy cogitations to the flames of love?
Shall that frail Gem (when haply it may be
But counterfeited out by subtilty)
Be rank'd among the vertues? and be thought
Worthy with souls destruction to be bought?
What purblinde? what misconceived good
With-holds the nobler practice of thy bloud?
Has *Circe* charm'd you? and will you but please
To judge the Mine by the Superficies?
Search home, and see if her alluring skin,
Can smother the deformities within.
This done, you'l finde (poor soul) she doth impart
Nothing that's counted rich, but undesert.
Then curb thy sallies, and thy self inspect.
Survey these ample errors; and correct
Them by discretion, purge thy putrid brain
From this corruption; then begin again.
With this quaint Siren do not thou be charm'd,
Pity, good nature were no better arm'd
With prudent weapons, that they might improve
Their worthier fortunes in the wars of love.
Call back thy forces, lay thy siege no more
Against a garrison that's won before:
Poor prize, it renders triumph unto no man.
It's won with too much ease: it's too too common,
Therefore refuse to storm it, and retire
If thou intendest to be honour'd by her

Who is thine in all
friendship.

20. Chance.

I.

WHat's my offences that my fortunes be
Inshrined in the tomb of poverty?
But dust I am, from dust I came;
And unto dust return I must;
And he whom fate doth blesse
With health, and wealth, and worthinesse,
Is nothing more: and he must do no lesse.

II.

Man, in the noontide of his glorie's but
A lump of Clay, where a quick soul is put.
All this you know, he is but so;
And he that can but say he's man,
Though fame and fortune say
He's Prince or Pope, yet here I may
Presume to match with him: we both are clay.

III.

O me! How comes it then to passe that he
Whose corps were gendred in the dirt with me,
Should rise so high? and I, poor I
Should fall so low as now I do?
Is't art? no, that's not it,
Our knowledge no such thoughts admit;
'Cause some mens worship are beyond their wit.

IV.

'Tis neither art nor desert that doth bring
This man to be a begger, that a King.
No vertuous hearts, nor morall parts:
But that which still drives up the hill,
And daily doth inhaunce
Mans greatnesse, and his worth advance,
Can be no other then auspicious chance.

V.

Since then by chance we either fall or stand,
And fortune playes with such a partial hand;
No heart of mine shall ere repine:
Nor will I guesse unworthinesse
The more in me to rest,
Though I conceive I am not blest
With Princely honours, or a golden Chest.

21. *A tear over* Orania's *Tomb.*

I.

OH let me weep, weep out mine eyes
Upon the Tomb-stone where she lies
Embalmed and enshrin'd.
Let not my senses lead me home,
And leave *Orania* in the tombe.
Why should I stay behinde?

II. W

II.

What hope have I, of life or bliſſe,
Under ſo dire a fate as this?
What's man without a heart?
There was but one 'twixt ſhe and me,
And that away from me did flee,
When hence ſhe did depart.

III.

And though the life of ſenſe I kept,
'Twere better in the urn I ſlept;
For ſleeping there, I reſt.
And then my heart and I ſhould be
Fomented in tranquillity;
And both for ever bleſt.

---

32. *A voyage to the* Canaries; *or the Sack-pilgrimage.*

I,

Farewell falſe pleaſures, vain delights;
Deluding ſtories, and bewitching glories.
Farewell falſe meaſures and falſe weights;
Farewell falſe gloſſes and falſe lights:
Farewell you Tory-rories;
But welcome Sack; for I will be
Ingaged unto none but thee.

II.

Farewell you ſtreamed cheeks of ore;
You rich attires, and you vain love-ſick fires:
The world's a witch; beauty's a whore;
Curſt may he be that loves it more,
Or to its vein aſpires,
My youthfull rivals I reſign,
And now go pilgrim to the Vine.

III.

Farewell you Caſtles, Towns, and Towers:
Farewell relations; and fare ye well fond faſhion;
You morall rights, and formal powers,
Wherein I've waſted many howers,
Be gone away in paſſion;
No aid at all from you I lack,
In this my pilgrimage of Sack.

IV.

Aureous and argent Mines avoid:
Be gone ye rubies, and alſo you great boobie,
In this your privie ſearch imploy'd.
Blinder then *Cupid* may the guide,
That ſtill directeth you, be.
What mettle, earthly or divine,
Is not ingendered by the Wine?

V.

Cuckolds farewell, and Cuckolds Curres:
Farewell trunk-breeches, and fare ye well long ſpeeches;
Farewell you Lords, Dukes, Knights, and Sirs:
Farewell you dalliance and demurres,
Farewell you oaks and beeches.

I neither value man nor tree,
But such as in the Vineyard bee.

VI.

Farewell Kings, Princes, Lords, and Popes:
Farewell false Latins, farewell deluded Satins;
Halters I'le change for Cable-ropes;
Imbracing Stars and Horoscopes.
Farewell high heels and pattins.
Let no dull actor shame the stage;
The scene is a Sack-pilgrimage.

---

33. *The Retreat.*

I.

TEll me *Tyresias*, was it thou
Bewitch'd me unto *Cupids* bow?
Why should I hold this Deer in chace?
Or wrack my fancy on her face?
What hope is there to win the prize
That still refuses and denies?

II.

With weary labours night and day,
Early and late, through clods and clay,
In health and sickness, blisse and bale
I wo'd her, but 'e would not prevail.
My time, my coyn and spirits too
I spent, but yet all would not do.

III.

I manacled each ſtrugling thought,
And my aſpiring ſoul I brought
Into ſubjection; and did ſpill
Full ſeas of tears to gain her will:
All this I did, and more; but yet
Her marble heart would not ſubmit.

IV.

Therefore I will decline the ſuit,
And pluck up fancy by the root.
I'le bid my ſtragling heart go home,
And leave thee to the next that come.
But may I periſh for my pain,
If ere I cringe to thee again.

34. *Deformity.*

GIve me the Maul of *Hercules*; the triple
Head of ſtern *Cerberus*: and (thou Diſciple)
Grim *Geryon* come, and bring thy furies here.
Up *Hydra*, up: *Parca*, do you appear;
Call up the damn'd deformities, and chace
Each roſie and each purple from the place.
Bring not loves arrowes, nor th' *Idalian* dart,
To gall my ſenſes, or love-wound my heart:
But help, Oh help, I am beſet about
With ſnakie-hair'd *Medusa*, and I doubt
I ſhall be frantick: Heaven grant me aid
To back my weakneſſ: or I am betraid.

Bleſſ

Bleſſe me! What eyes be theſe? what flaming ſawcers?
What ſpeech is this, more ruſtical then *Chaucers*?
What *Tytian* lump is here? what form? what faſhion?
What monſter in my breaſt would make Invaſion?
Jove ſhield me from't, and for ſucceſſion-ſake,
(With ſinfull *Ixion*) let me not miſtake
A cloud for *Juno*, leſt my heirs ſhould be
Exceeding *Centaurs* in deformity.
Shield me, good *Venus*, from this ugly ghoſt:
Elſe I am ruin'd, and for ever loſt,
Yet, if by force I muſt be thrown upon her,
(To ſave my reputation and my honour)
I will imbrace her with a formall ſhew
Of affectation: but (believe it you)
Thoſe nuptial duties which from me ſhould flow,
Shall be performed by I care not who.
Let *Incubus* the Night-Mare be her mate,
Or he that loves to wallow in ſuch fate:
But if no devil, nor no man will do't
For love, her lovely gold ſhall preſſe them to't.
They ſhall be mercenary, I'le not ſcorn
With her own dowry to exalt my horn:
Although her body be deform'd, and foul,
Her gold is fair, and may delight a ſoul.
Who then but fools (whom nature hath control'd)
Would not incurre the horn, to gripe the gold?

35. The true beauty.

I.

TEmpt not my thoughts with powder'd hair,
With Sattin, or with Lawn.
This cannot make a Lady fair,
Whose honour lies at pawn.
Bring not thy jewels unto me,
I neither value them nor thee.

II.

Look not so high though fortune please
Fairly to set thee forth;
Thy own ambition's thy disease,
And bridle of thy worth;
Thy beautie's blur'd, thy fame destroy'd,
Thy honour's strangled in thy pride.

III.

'Tis she that's fair, and only she,
Whose minde does not advance
With face, above her pedigree;
That glories not in chance.
Whose beauty has more brightly shone
To others sense then her own.

IV.

Such is my *Clarie*, she that holds
My heart within her brest:
Whose parallel, in *Cupid*'s folds,
Or flocks, did never rest.

She

She whose ambitious smoke doth smother,
Aspiring not above another.

V.

She whose own merits might transport
Her love beyond my case;
Is humbly pleas'd my flames to court,
And offerings to imbrace.
With me she'l laugh, with me she'l sing,
With me she will do any thing.

VI.

She knowes no scorn, she'l not deny
Her lips at my request.
She nere saw me in misery,
But she would be oppress.
Therefore my *Claria*, only thou
Must rule my soul and fortunes now.

---

36. Sept. 1655. *The downfal of the black Boy, and the white Girle in* Budge-row.

I.

COme lend a heart-destroying tear,
A sigh, a sob, a groan;
You Black-boy lads, that lately were
More radiant then the Sun,
You that did use to crown your pates
With Beer and Ale divine,

Come

Come now, and curſe your clouded fates,
As I have curſed mine.

II.

You ſons of *Cypria*, that were wont
There to maintain your games;
That were devoted to the font
Where pleaſure flowes and flames;
Come mourn with me, and ſadly cry,
The Black-boy is a going:
Which needs muſt be (infallibly)
To our eternall ruin.

III.

Ring out our ſiſters paſſing-bell;
And let your teares increaſe:
Spin out your daies in ſome dark Cell,
Where ſorrow nere may ceaſe.
What will you doe? where will you reſt?
And where will you repoſe?
Where will you finde ſo fair a neſt,
Where love and beauty growes?

IV.

There, when my money all was ſpent;
I went upon the ſcore;
But now alas I muſt lament,
I ſhall do ſo no more.
Sweet *Nan* (whoſe ſoul and vertues are
For Princely thoughts a ſhrine)
O how unbleſt thy neighbours are
In this ſad change of thine!

V. Why

V.

Why would you leave us? What diſtaſte
Did harbour in your minde?
How came your fancy over-caſt?
Why were you ſo inclin'd?
The Black-boyes oyl no more will flow,
His Cruce is all exhauſt:
And he that there to drink doth go,
His labour will be loſt.

VI.

The black Boy, and the white Girl, both
Have loſt their powers there:
Which ſtory to unfold I'm loath;
Nor can without a tear.
Yet though *Budge-row* they have forſook,
And left that throne behinde them,
All you that pleaſe for them to look,
In *Abchurch-lane* may finde them.

---

37. *The Soliloquie.*

I.

OH let me die; and to Elizium goe,
Let me not languiſh in my woe.
What glorie's here
That's permanent, or dear?
That may inchant a ſoul (with reaſon bleſt)
To tarry in't, or take one minutes reſt.

II.

Love is forgotten; and the world is grown
Like to the *Smirnian* Actor, who ('tis known)
When Heaven's name
O'th' stage he did proclaime,
Would paint his finger on the earth: and there
Seem to set his affections, as it were.

III.

Society, the darling of delight,
That turned bale to blisse, made day of night,
Is quite destroy'd
By avarice and pride.
Whereas our vertues had extent before,
Now each regards his own worth, and no more.

IV.

Oh let me then lay down my varnall head
Upon those groves prepared for the dead.
Good heaven grant
To death a Pursivant;
That he may bring me to the *Stygian* shore,
Where *Charon* with his boate may waft me ore.

V.

There shall I see my *Dorocea's* brow:
Which sight I've lost, which losse brought me so low:
She, whose fair eyes
Might bea Princely prize.
She that lov'd true, and to maintain her vow,
Was fore't to fly unto those fields below.

VI. There

VI.

There shall I see her, there shall I enjoy her;
There will the gods give me a mansion by her;
Where with sweet kisses,
Smilings, and sweeter blisses,
We'l feast: and there (in spight of fate and foe)
We'l do those *Orgies* here we left to doe.

VII.

There shall I see my brethren and my sires,
That warm'd my fancy with *Pierian* fires,
That found my Muse
With buskin'd hose and shooes;
And such a spirit on my genius hurl'd,
That, for a minde free, I could change the world.

VIII.

There *Ben* would bid me welcome, and his mates,
Whose fruitfull brains, and whose ingenious pates,
I've crown'd with bayes
Of Sack, in former dayes.
I was their *Ganymede*, and they would be
As jovial as a *Jupiter* to me.

IX.

There should I reign, and bid a rush for Kings,
Popes, Lords and Princes, or such mighty things.
All high descents,
Grim looks, or Parliaments.
All care to gain, or fear to lose estates;
Guns, Pikes, or Pistols; Swords, or Counter-gates.

38. The Gender.

WHy ſhould her beauty thus inchant
Poor me her woefull ſupplicant?
Why do I follow with a tear,
Her various ſteps? is ſhe more dear
Then others are? What though ſhe's cri'd
Up to be natures only pride.
That is no ſolid cauſe to ſummon
A choice affection, while ſhe's common.
'Tis true, ſhe is both young and tender;
And ſhe is of the female gender.
Were ſhe but ſo, it would be well;
But more then this, ſhe doth excell:
For if the thing diſcuſſed bee,
She's common both to two and three;
Or if to number we muſt fall;
You'l finde ſhe's common unto all.

FR
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

39. To the Nymph.

I.

COme, leave this dull retired life,
And now assume the name of wife
Ere it be more then time.
Why should that flower fall alone
That might be pull'd by every one?
its glorie's now in prime.

II.

Hold not your beauty in suspence;
But in loves Innes of Courts commence
To be a Student fair,
With him that is resolv'd to be
Your unrelenting Votary,
While he is mov'd with air.

III.

Why startle you from man so much?
Despising him, whose every touch
Is th' author of your blisses?
Why will you unto him allow
A sullen and tempestuous brow?
And formalize your kisses?

IV.

'Tis man you ought to look upon
As th' end of your perfection;
But if you die in scorn,

Your urn, your iſſue doth compoſe
Heaven's abus'd: and you muſt loſe
The end for which y' are born.

---

40. *Her Reply.*

I.

YEs, I could follow *Cupid's* tents;
But when I ſee ſuch preſidents
Of woe ingendered there,
I check my fancies, and recall
My looſer reſolutions all,
And ſleck my flames with fear.

II.

What ſhall poor tempted Ladies doe?
Into whoſe boſomes ſhall they throw
The Lotteries of their love?
When every moment we may ſee
How unreſolv'd their ſervants bee;
And how awry they move.

III.

Their fat profeſſions are moſt free:
Phraſes flow faſt, of conſtancy,
Expreſſion doth excell.
Now their ſwift fancy flies as high
As *Titan* in the towring skie;
Then ſinks as low as hell.

IV. Bright

IV.

Bright as the taper of the night,
At first they do extend their light:
Exposing love enough.
And then become ere they have done,
More odious then comparison:
Their *exit* makes a snuffe.

V.

Give me the solid Lover then,
That goes away and comes agen;
And breaks no sponsal vow:
That's not by every smile ore-thrown,
Nor dasht aside by every frown,
Nor answers every bow.

VI.

If such invite me with his flame,
With equall heat I'le meet the same
Through every case and stage;
To him my bosome I'le unlace;
His love and him I will imbrace
In spite of foe or fate.

41. The Club.

COme my hearts and alter Caſes,
Burniſh all with Sack your faces.
Light the world with copper Noſes,
Redder then the damask roſes:
Or the torch held out by *Hero*.
Strike up voices: ſing *Fa-lero*,
Since our lives can not be ever,
Short and ſweet delights the liver.
Yeſterday is paſt returning,
Quench your ſpirits from worldly burning:
Pine you not away with ſorrow,
Nor be carefull for to morrow:
Let your zealots take up quarters
In their Abbies, and their Dorters.
We'l drive out the drouſie ſummers
With renowned cups and rummers;
Shun Phyſitians, and their ſtories,
And deſpiſe their Purgatories.
Let *Galen* ſay what he pleaſes,
Sack will ſink down all diſeaſes:
Colick, Dropſie, Teeth or Ptiſick;
There's no ſuch approved phyſick.
This is that the gods affected;
And for their own uſe ſelected.
This is that ſets anguiſh flying,
Cheers the heart that lies a dying:
Rinces nature from diſtemper;
Inveſts each man in an empire.

Bids

Bids the Taylor draw his dagger,
And the slow-tongu'd Changeling swagger.
Here's the cream of the Creation;
Here's the habit most in fashion.
Foolish glory's but a bubble;
Riches may consume as stubble:
Hang the world, and save the Liquor;
Play about, and booz it quicker:
Here's a health to him that's loyall
To the cup, and stands the triall
Of a vine-disburthening showre,
And makes Wine his only dowre.
That's not with new follies lur'd
But drink healths to'th *quondam* St----

---

42. *The Stand.*

I.

UNdone, Alas, undone,
My will my wisdome hath outrun,
My roving soul hath vainly wrought
A hainous crime, a grievous faut,
In seeking where my folly sought.

II.

False zeal, how can it be
That fortune ere should favour thee?
When to good fortune thou hast been
Unfavourable, what a sin
And sorrow, art thou plunged in?

The Return.

I.

THe weary footman having paſt
Ore many a hill, and many a dale:
Through many a ſtorm and many a vale,
With full deſire returns (at laſt)
Unto his native bed, and there
Sucks in his reſt with full career.

II.

Recalling then into his minde
The horrid tempeſts he has known,
The Alpie grades that he has gone?
Then pleaſantly he begins to finde
The preeminence of that ſame place
Where firſt his life began the race.

III.

And having by experience found
No orb more dulcid then his own,
No ſoyl ſo ſoft to tread upon;
He re-implants upon this ground,
And having well reſolved, then
He'l die before he'l leave't agen.

IV.

Lady, my love's this traveller,
Its native Countrey is your Breſt,
And there it found a native reſt:

Till

Till led by fancie, it did erre:
And being gall'd by fancie's fraud,
It by all means would go abroad.

V.

Then out it went, and stray'd about
In every hedge, and every hole;
And scan'd the clifts of many a soul.
It peep't within, and spi'd without:
Making a serious inquisition
Through every region, and condition.

VI.

Some love I found, but thin and sad;
For every calm and gentle look,
That from my Mistresse eyes I took,
Ten times ten thousand frowns I had:
Then did I sigh, and sighing say,
I will return to *Claria*.

VII.

There's zeal refin'd, there's love enough;
There's morall parts, and sacred grace;
There's good conditions and good face;
There's not a glance that's rough:
Then *Claria* open thou love's dore;
And I will nere forsake thee more.

43. *The Entertainment.*

THalius the ſtory thou haſt told,
Is *Cupid*'s bow; and I can hold
In no repulſe, the winged boy
Has quickly won the victory.
The willing prize 'tis thou doſt win;
The door is open, enter in.

44. Claria's *Blot.*

WHat's amiable that my *Claria* needs?
Be it for feature, fortune, or for deeds,
Or charitable vertues: can you ſay
What is defective in my *Claria*?
Survey her beauty, read the ſtory ore
Of her chaſte life; go open every dore.
Thus having done, return again, and ſee
If ere you found a ſweeter ſoul then ſhe.
One that can dally ſoft, yet not degrade
From modeſty; nor baſely be betray'd.
One that loves honour, yet in each condition,
Is an antagoniſt unto ambition.
Whoſe tongue (more ſhrill then *Philomels*) may be
The *Hieroglyphick* of humilitie:
Whoſe garb's the embleme of a decent maid;
One that can trade with love, yet luſt evade.

One

One that is courteous, yet doth ſcorn to fall
Into a vein that's hypocritical.
One that is lovely, yet doth ſtill deny
To be apparent in each vulgar eye:
One that is nobly born; and yet is one
That ſcornes to call deſcent in queſtion.
One that is fair, and yet performs the task
To veil her modeſt beauty with a mask.
Though many fortunes court her, yet they are
No props of pride; nor cited as a ſnare
To trap her lovers. Every thing ſhe does,
Expreſſes vertue: liberally ſhe flowes
With wholſome counſell: ſhe retains in ſtore,
A hand for every work: for every ſore
A proper Salve: ſhe's a ſure Phyſician
For every accident, and each condition.
But here's the main perfection that ſhe lacks;
She (payes her rent, but) will not pay her tax.
Loves ſouldiers labour under *Claria*'s ray;
But my *Claria* will allow no pay.
Ah *Claria*, *Claria*, if ſo be you would
Content your ſouldiers as (indeed) you ſhou'd,
With ſmiles and kiſſes, and imbraces too,
You'd nere want ſouldiers to contend for you.
But here's our woe, when we our armes erect,
And yet you will allow us no reſpect.

45. To the Venerean Cow-herd.

I.

FAll on, fall on, (fond Cow-herd) fall
And hold thy deer in chase.
The man that never moves at all,
Is alwaies where he was.
He playes no play, the fencer knowes,
That keeps his guard and makes no blowes.

II.

Go arm'd with courage, and the fin
Of *Cupid*, and assault her.
At one essay I'd either win
The Mare or lose the baker.
It is no progresse unto honour,
Only to stand and gaze upon her.

III.

It was not *Alexanders* wit,
To dally and delay:
For had he ever practis'd it,
He had not born away
The worship'd wreath of fame, nor hurl'd
Reports of conquest ore the world.

IV.

Despair not thou at thy descent,
Nor th' weakness of thy strength:
Though now she's flinty to relent,

She

She may grow ſoft at length.
Perpetual and accuſtom'd knocks,
Will bruiſe and break the hardeſt rocks.

V.

What though the gliſtering lumps of ſame
Upon her beauty ſtrove?
Ev'n ſuch whoſe ſparks might yee inflame,
Yet could not gain her love.
Hold thou thy courſe, and forward run,
A torch burns hotter then the ſun.

VI.

The wanton Goats warm bloud will part
The Diamond in two,
Which neither Vulcans fiery art
Or ſteell could ever doe.
Some Girles chooſe rather ſwaines in rags,
Then mighty Baſhawes and their bags.

46. *The ſhattered Heart.*

I.

LOve put his bow into my hand,
Charg'd with a golden dart;
And gave, withall, a ſtrict command
To ſhoot into thy heart.
Moreover unto me he ſaid,
He would aſſiſt me with his aid.

II.

Now on the pile of this my dart
(As lovers use to doe)
I fixt my own aspiring heart,
And then I shot at you.
And shooting hit your breast of flint,
But 'twas so hard it stuck not in't.

III.

My heart was shattered at this blow;
It fell so fierce thereon.
Thus seeking *Claria*'s heart (I trow)
My own was overthrown.
And like a hawk that strikes beside
The game, my heart fell down and di'd.

---

47. *The Jubile.*

I.

TEll me no more of Jubiles
Esteemed by the Jewes;
Olympick games, and such as these,
Which ancient *Rome* did use:
And did destroy their cares upon
The racks of recreation.

II.

O tell me not of Turkish glories,
Great *Mah'met* and his pride.

Nor

Nor touch me with tyrannick ſtories,
How men for zeal have di'd
With an implicite faith; to prove
His blaſphemie, and their blinde love.

III.

All triumph humane thoughts require,
My *Claria*'s breaſt doth keep:
The warmes chill comfort by her fire,
And charmes the gods to ſleep:
What *Roman*, *Turk*, or *Jew* hath found
Of bliſſe, in *Claria* doth abound.

IV.

She is my Jubile alone,
Lets captiv'd thoughts go free;
Reſtoring joyes doubt ſeized on,
To long'd for liberty.
Here may I bath each wearied limb,
And in the pool of Beauty ſwim.

V.

Whoſe ſilver ſtreams all griefs allay,
And make all torments light,
While I injoy her ſmiles by day,
And ſport with her at night,
What undigeſted thought ſhall reſt
Within the angle of my breſt?

VI.

Let pilgrims ſeek St. *Peters* ſhrine,
And Saints, Saints rags adore,
I'le Idolize thy face divine,
For ever, ever more.

Let

Let misers and their bags unite,
Thou art my treasure and delight.

VII.

Let they whose airy wills requeſt
To blow ambitious bellowes,
Lift up the Owle to th' Eagles neſt,
And ſore above their fellowes.
Yet while I graft upon thy ſtem,
I would not change my fate with them.

---

48. *The Leveller.*

I.

ALL mortall men are born to dye:
The earth is each mans mother.
O then my genius tell me why
One man's above another?
From duſt we came,
And to the ſame
Our tribute's paid: then we reſign our powers;
When death ſhall ſtrike, we are no longer ours.

II.

Why then ſhould one man be a Prince?
Another poor as *Job*?
One clad in Velvet to convince
Him that has ſcarce a robe?
Thus freedom's curb'd,
And we diſturb'd.

Shall

Shall humane statutes gage our recreation?
The Law is void since Gospel came in fashion.

III.

Where all's alike, who should obey?
Or who should be attended?
Or who our failings shall repay,
Where all men have offended?
When *Cain* was try'd
For fratricide,
It was his God condemn'd him, I assure ye,
No man was Judge, nor no man on the Jury.

IV.

Yet now our custome's grown so base,
That he whom fortune blesses,
Is pearcht on some commanding place,
Though he no reason guesses,
And then this man
Must pry and scan
Into my life, and if he findes an error,
His word shall be my bane, his frown my terror.

V.

Since then poor mortals must be led
By custome, not by reason,
One step awry I will not tread,
Then I shall know no treason.
They shall not see
One blot in me,
And then for pardon I'le not vex my sense:
He needs no mercy that has no offences.

VI. I'le

Shall

VI.

I'le not contrive with State-designes,
Nor squeeze my brains by thinking.
I'le presse my grapes, and prune my vines,
And passe my time in drinking.
Then gallant soul
Fill up the boul,
Whilest full-grown *Bacchus* blowes delightful bellowes,
And here's a health to all true hearted fellowes.

---

49. Thorando *and* Clara.

Thorando.

I Prethee (*Clara*) let me know
Whether thou loveſt me, or no.

Clara.

Love thee *Thorando*, prethee why?

Tho.

Not for my wealth, but loyalty.

Cla.

She that loves all that Loyal be,
Muſt love whole Myriads more then thee;
And then how feeble are thoſe rayes
That branch into ſo many wayes?
One of the which I yeeld to you,
Because I think your ſtory true.

Thorando.

Alas, alas, such love as this
Will not boy up a lovers blisse;
There is a love like Juniper,
Which loyall *Cupid* doth confer
In Ladies breasts, and it is such
As burns the heart at every touch.
And when we are thus heated, then
This Juniper cools us agen.
Such is the love that I would have:
Such is the love that *Hero* gave
Unto *Leander*, and beside,
In the same faith she liv'd, she di'd.
Such is the love as goes along:
And only shoots her darts at one.
Such is the love as ought to be
Adored for monopoly.
Oh! tell me then, and let me know
Whether thou lov'st *Thorando* so?

Clara.

Me thinks I feel my sparks begin,
To sieze upon my soul within:
But they are feeble, and I doubt,
For want of breath, they will go out.

Tho.

Oh! fear not *Clara*; I will blow
Loves bellowes, and will make them grow:
Thy smoking spirits I will rouze
With kisses, glances, and my Vowes.
Then from his budget he did pull
His lusty bellowes, fraighted full.

And on her ſparks he blew ſo faſt,
That all became on fire at laſt.
And ere from thence he could retreat,
His bellowes were conſum'd with heat.

---

50. *Forc'd Love.*

I.

O Do not urge me with an idle tone,
For my reſolved thoughts to own
What my fixt fancie'l not imbrace,
Were a prepoſterous thing:
I can not cling
Theme, where affection will not interlace.

II.

Forc't love is fretfull, and a heart thus ſnar'd
Againſt its will, proves afterward
Irregular, and will not ſtay
In its own ſpheare, but glides
On other ſides
With crooked motions; and will not obey.

III.

The toyle is tedious; and to her that will
Only pretend love, to fulfill
A diſpoſition; muſt indure
A ſoul-offending curſe,
And ſorrowes worſe,
Becauſe ſhe's branded with a love impure.

IV.

Then call thy fancy from th' intended scope;
Thy labour's void; in vain thy hope.
No talent here thou canst improve.
I have no art to shroud
Love in a cloud.
And where I can not, there I will not love.

---

51. To Thraso.

Silence, (bold *Thraso*) let our wits alone,
They are no theams to whet thy follies on.
Cease *Mongrill*, cease thy vanity: 'twere fitter
Thou shouldst be howling in the currish litter
Of thy own whelps: where with a doggish look,
Thou might'st be poring on the Parish-book
Of Ignorance, and never dare to spye
Into our Casket with an envious eye.
Rail not at rimes, lest Poetry become
Thy bane, and bring thee to a dunghill tombe
Of infamy. Poor worm, how dar'st thou follow
The Peers and Chaplains of the great *Apollo*,
With snarling, whining voyce? Canst thou not tell
Their *gesti* are beyond a parallel?
We scorn equality, tell me what powers
Are known to man, that we account not ours?
Who can exceed us? who can go beyond us?
Where's he that dares assault us? or command us?
We vie with gods, (then let not men disclaim us)
'Tis they make men, and we that make them famous.

'Tis we that lift up to the ſtars; and there
We file the records of their praiſe, and rear
A ruin'd progeny, and do tranſlate
The feeble rags of a declining fate,
Into new ſuits of dignity, and then
With as much eaſe we can pull down agen
Their high flown fame, and cut their glory ſhort,
If once we but conceive a reaſon for't.
Then ceaſe (I ſay) and do not thou aſſail
To ſtrive againſt the ſtrength, that will prevail
Above thy periſht power. Are not we
The pinnacles of Soveraignty?
To us Kings veil their bonnets; and confeſſe
Our ſacred bleſſings, and our worthineſſe
In all imployments; it is we that tread'
Down every verbal foe, and daring head.
We are the parents of the gods: if we
Keep Poems dormant, where's the *Deity*?
Jove we invented, *Mars* and *Bacchus* too;
Then are we not their fathers? how think you?
Our Charter is divine, I'd have you know it,
No priviledge to th' Painter and the Poet.
'Tis we that cruſh your vices; and that can
Conjure the fury of the proudeſt man
Into a ſhittle-cock. 'Tis we that riſe
(With undepreſſed raptures) to the skies,
Triumphing there ore every ſnarling foe
That (in a curriſh humour) barks below.
Vain hopes then ceaſe, or elſe *Apollo* muſt
(By th' Organ-bellowes) blow thee unto duſt:
We ſpan the world, the Miſers we deſie,
Their gold's an eye-ſore to a Poets eye;
We ſcorn ſuch droſſe. And he that ſhall ſubſcribe
Unto the incantation of a bribe,

Is

It but *Apollo*'s bastard, and must be
For ever branded with indignity.
We hisse down all his honour, and we hate him;
And from our covent excommunicate him,
He's none of us; 'tis only such as finde
An unsuppressed, uncontrolled minde,
Transcending fortune, with a face that charmes
All grieving sorrowes and afflicting harmes;
That pines not in the study, nor contracts
His cheeks into live *Mumma* by his acts,
That over-looks small injuries; and still
Thinks puny-rogues unworthy of his quill.

---

52. Phorco *and* Parlio.

1. *Phorco.*

FAirer then beauty, in her pomp descri'd,
Or *Venus* tri'd
Unto the third degree,
Is that Seraphick she,
That vowes her love and constancy to me.

2. *Parlio.*

Such splendor cannot but amate thy sense:
Such influence
Sure't cannot choose but cloy
All thy felicity;
And make thee make a footstool of thy Joy.

3. *Phoreo.*

O no it cannot, but her beauty brings
A pair of wings
To me, as to the flies
Gives *Titan* from the skies,
Whereby (as they do) I (poor I) arise.

4. *Parlio.*

So, then it seems th' art but a fly at best,
And here's the jest:
Untill thy Mistresse bring
(By her sweet beams) a wing,
Th' art but a cripl'd fly: *Alas poor thing!*

---

53. *The Retired Lady.*

I.

ANd why devoted to the Cave?
Is this the end?
The finall end? hath nature gave
You Gems to hide, and not extend?
Or (like *Narcissus*) are you bent
With your sweet self to complement?

II. When

II.

When you were born sure Nature meant
some other thing:
Whose meaning (by your discontent)
You'ld peevishly to ruine bring.
The Sun doth shine, the stars hold forth,
And so should you expose your worth.

III.

Why should a face whose magick may
weak souls recrute,
The vallons and the veils obey?
Or wherefore should that tongue be mute,
Whose harmony to mortall ears,
Sings high, and sweeter then the Spheres?

IV.

Each, for her Countreys welfare, came
into the earth.
Part of her best parts we may claim,
As truly forfeit at her birth:
Yet since forç'd boons are not so kinde,
We'l beg your face, and vertuous minde.

V.

As did *Medusa* by her eyes,
To stones convert
Each daring look; so thine surprise:
But 'tis not with *Medusa*'s art.
As flesh to stones transformed she,
So stony hearts are broke by thee.

VI. Thy

VI.

Thy sacred lips, where cherries grow,
Set round with spice,
Whence loves Electars freely flow;
Why in recesse constrain'd so nice?
Sure he shall die unblest that misses
The famous booty of your kisses.

VII.

Will thy bright beams be ere the lesse
For lightning me?
Or will it blur thy comlinesse?
Or stigmatize thy dignitie?
Then lie no longer in the Mines
Diana's chast, and yet she shines.

VIII.

Pray what avails *Danae's* tower?
Or what content
Is Couched in the golden shower,
While she receives imprisonment?
The life of beauties by retire,
Not in the prison, but the Court.

IX.

Then bring thine Eastern cheeks abroad,
And hide no more
Those Gems each judgement would applaud,
And with a reverence adore,
So both your self and we in this
Shall have the greater share in blisse.

54. *Loves outside.*

I.

NO more of love, away,
Avoid fond Girl
Seek not our wits to slay
Only with shels of pearl.
That was begotten of a stump of earth;
Spew'd from corrupted bowels, so took birth.

II.

Shut up thy Magazeen
In velvet masks,
Leave not thy beauty seen:
Nor put fond thoughts to tasks;
For all the pleasures to our eyes you bring,
Are but loves wanton shadow, not the thing.

III.

What if thine ivory hand
(Which we adore)
I boldly durst command,
Ten thousand times and more,
To kisse, alas, what were it to suffice
The thirst of love? or quench the flames that rise?

III.

Nay could my license yet
More freely slip,
If *Celia* would commit
The bounty of her lip
Unto my pleasure, there to play and sport,
All this is but the Lobby of Loves Court.

IV.

Or should my bended armes
Thy waist confine,
And thou (with equall charmes)
Shouldst lie impaling mine,
These cannot ravish; nor reside upon
A heart that presseth at perfection.

V.

No fainting breath, no glance,
Nor leering smile,
Nor motion shall advance
My fancy; or beguile
A thought that's free, for I have try'd the pain,
And am resolv'd I'le nere love so again.

55. *To* Cælia, *in the fields.*

WHy wilt thou go? (fair *Celia*) why?
What's needfull, of importancy,
That can without thee, not be done?
Why wilt thou leave me all alone?
I have but seen thy face: as yet
We had no time to speak, nor sit.
Good *Celia* stay, and do not lower,
Let's couch in this Eglantine bower.
Behold the quavering sprigs, how they
Move almost in a sensual way,
With morall action, seeming too
Through invitations unto you.
Come, come, with folded armes, let's lie
In a proportion'd symmettie:
See you the birds in yonder tree,
How loving and how peace they bee?
How they from sprig to sprig remove,
And with their bills decipher love?
Let me upon thy golden tresses,
And veins, (those Azure wildernesses)
Hop like these birds: and let my hand
Wander along thy unknown land,
To finde how well the fruit doth rise,
(As in *Canaan* Israels spies)
And if the same I do approve,
Therein Ile plant my vine of love:

And

And with a pleasant pain I'le frame
A fertile vineyard in the same.
Come, do not weep; 'twill do thee good:
It will refine corrupted blood.
Then struggle not, nor do not shriek,
I have no weapon that can strike
A deadly blow. 'Twill not disease thee
With greater wounds then what shall please thee.
See yon big-bellied ewe, that (late)
Receiv'd the marrow of her mate:
She looks most lovely; so will you
Now you receive your lovers too.
Then have at all, upon't I'le enter,
And plant my vine there at a venter.

56. Her Reply.

HE that nere drank was nere a dry:
And he that nere knew liberty,
Regards it not: and she that can
Not by experience say what's man,
Desires him not: but when she knowes
What vertue from his nature flowes,
She's mad t'imbrace him, and doth guesse
His presence her best happinesse.
Before I tri'd thee, I abhorr'd
Thy proffer'd love, and could afford
No wanton thought; but now I see
Thy spirits, and their energie;
My soul to thee I will resigne,
There is no pleasure like thy vine.

'Twill

'Twill make me fruitfull, and I ſwear,
Plant thou alwaies, I'le alwaies bear.
And though this fruit too ponderous grow,
I'le gladly die in bearing ſo.

57. The unequall Match.

AND why unto this ſtump would you be ti'd,
That were ſo hopefull and ſo fair a bride?
How dull? how dead? how drowſie? and how cold
Are all your amplectations? and how old?
How craſie? crouched? and how feeble is
He that ſhould ſurfeit you with Hymens bliſſe?
Better you never had the ſmalleſt ſenſe
Of love, then not injoy its influence.
What can expected be from him, whoſe head
Is fleec'd with ſnow-balls; and imbattered
With ſixty years aſſaults: whoſe breath affords
Him language but in groans, and not in words.
Pity, thrice pity, that ſo ſweet a ſhe
Should loſe her teeming time, and barren be
For want of agriculture: what's the cauſe
You derogate ſo far from *Cupid*'s lawes?
And ſpoyle his tenets? why ſhould Gems that ſhine
Quite through the ſurface of your ſacred Mine,
Periſh for want of gathering? and decay
By wrong peruſals in an unknown way?

58. *Her Reply.*

'TIs true, he's aged, and therefore we bring
His well experienc'd years unto the thing:
In former times he did the work, and than
He was well known to be a knowing man.
And now he's worthy, though his office be
To digitate, and gravely to ore-see.
This makes him happy: (and in him my self
Bright shining in his lucubrated pelf)
What ever's planted by anothers swear,
Dreſt, prun'd and water'd by his wholsome hear,
Yeelds him the issue. Hence it then remains;
He has the profit, others take the pains;
And I the pleasure: no defect doth come
For want of husbandry unto my womb.
Or, though he eyes me with a jealous care;
I've time enough to horn him, and to spare.
Age is no watchman, but his eyes give ore
At five a clock ith' even (or before)
To incite the heart with jealousie: or see
The least attempt on his propriety.
His age-dry'd limbs dull *Morpheus* doth confine,
While youthfull *Cupid* is unfolding mine.

59. To the Academick.

THink not to daunt us with a daring eye,
The Maze of Logick, or maturity
Of your taught science, and intangled rules,
(The scum and dregs of Academick pools)
Boast not of these, nor strive with censure nice)
T' esteem your deer-bought wisdome by the price.
Think no excesse you have; no power doth dwell
In this accustom'd way, to mak't excell.
This can create no wonder: we disclaim
All sorts of admiration at the same.
Who findes by seeking, a concealed treasure,
Payes equall paine for's profit and for's pleasure.
He has no novelty: he gains no more
Then what his fancy did expect before.
Is this a wonder if it's wisely view'd?
Or does it savour of beatitude?
He that's apprentice, though the veriest fool,
Doth (by instruction) learn his Masters rule.
He keeps his folly still, although he's made
A skilfull artist in his Masters trade;
He learn'd by teaching, hence it came about,
But he's ingenious gets the trade without.
Come then my spark: thou of th' *Oxonian* race,
And let a word of reason interlace
With thy ambition. Grammar is thy sphere,
And thou canst travell in no path but there:
That's all thou hast; why, thou hast bookt it fair,
Thou canst scarce tell us what the Morals are.

Thou

Thou, of Philoſophy, no more haſt known
Then what tradition, and the books have ſhown.
Thou keepſt the track, and only goeſt by courſe.
And I muſt tell thee, that each Carriers horſe
Performs thy task; and has as much to bee
Ador'd for, or admired at, as thee.
Th' adventuring Merchant, that is wafted ore,
To ſeek for jewels on the *Indian* ſhore,
Is not ſo happy in his far-fetcht geer,
As he that ſtayes at home and findes it here.
What think'ſt thou now? Sayes not th'impartial teſt,
That Art's but feeble? Nature is the beſt.
Suppoſe your fancy leads you unto court,
Perhaps you are able to ſpeak Latine for't;
And now and then ſpew out a phraſe of Greek;
But for invention you are far to ſeek.
You to the book muſt go if you would ken
The cuſtomes and Moralities of men.
We do not ſo; our method is divine;
We go by inſpiration, nor by line.
And we can tell you in our modern tongue,
We know our right, and can revenge our wrong
Without your Edicts: we can work or play,
We do not value what the Schoolmen ſay.
But you grave wits, (where art and nature meet)
I humbly worſhip, and with reverence greet:
Becauſe I know, where theſe united are,
The motion there will be more regular.
But you it is, 'gainſt whom my Muſe doth rore,
That have been taught each ſcience, and no more;
And of a little make as great a ſhow,
As if your knowledge had no more to know.

60. The Drawer to his Lady.

I.

THe God of love to me is come,
And in my fancy flew;
And bids me seek *Elixium*
In nothing else but you.
The oracle has told me so,
My vine alone in you will grow.

II.

Then let your flames reflex agen
On him, whose glory 'tis
To Court your eye-beams now and then,
And steal from you a kisse.
Let our two hearts move in one sphere;
And so we will the vineyard rear.

III.

The vines we'l prune, the grapes we'l presse,
With secrecy and sport:
'Twill ask no toyl, nor heavinesse:
Taste, and you'l thank me for't.
Come then, and with the Drawer close,
And see the juice that from him flowes.

IV.

Apollo's Nectar is an Asse:
Nepenthe's nothing worth,
If match'd with our Canary-glasse,
When love doth set it forth.
Come then and with the Drawer joyne,
His love and liquor is divine.

V.

And if we see our labours yeeld
Issues and profits deep,
Thy Tunne shall once a year be fill'd,
And we'l a Tavern keep.
Good Lady then be pleas'd to shape
Your love unto the Drawers grape.

VI.

Your belly shall the Cellar be,
The upper room's your face;
Whose bright and painted bravery,
Who cannot but imbrace?
Come then and with the Drawer mix,
And we will live by *Meretrix*.

VII.

Thy legs are gallond-pots (my Deer,
I prethee do not blush)
The door of entrance, shall be where
Already hangs a bush.
Come then, and with the Drawer cling,
And see the profit of the thing.

VIII. Thy

VIII.

Thy folded armes shall be the Bar,
Thy nod shall be the Sign;
Thy words shall serve for Bels that are
In rooms to ring for Wine:
This done, I dare presume that we
Shall never out of customs be.

---

61. The Mysterie.

I.

BEwitching Boy, how can it be
That gods and men should vow so thee?
Thou hast a dart
Strikes many a heart.
And yet no Seeker ere could know,
Or how, or why it should be so:
In love we live, in love we die;
But we conceive no reason why.

II.

This is a mystery that has blind
ere since the age the gods liv'd in:
Each age and sex
This ghost doth vex:
ove hurried on by *Cupid*, he
gain the prize, a heart will be
In love we live, &c.

III.

He's chang'd unto a Bull, and so,
Europa must a bulling go;
And lest he misse
Soft *Leda*'s kisse,
Or she should want dame Natures use,
He'l be a Swan, and she a Goose.
In love we live, in love we die,
But we conceive no reason why.

IV.

Neptune we rank among the rest,
As savouring grosly of the beast,
Before that he
Depriv'd will be
Of *Theophanes* love (his Dear)
A pair of Rams hornes he will wear.
In love we live, &c.

V.

Why to hell did *Orpheus* goe?
Hercules, and *Æneas* too?
Did not it prove
To be for love?
But here's the thing that startles me,
What reason for such love may be.
In love we live, &c.

VI.

Some say it's beauty that injoynes
Our roving thoughts, and them confines.
But *Jove* I know
It is not so.

Our Mistresses deformed were,
Till love and Poems made them clear.
Then by this argument we prove,
Love creates beauty that not love.

VII.

Some tell us riches is the goad
That rules our fancy in this road:
My Genius cries
It's otherwise:
'Cause with Quotidian eyes we see
Love practising on poverty.
In love we live, &c.

VIII.

Some say its vertue we adore,
And wisely fall in love therefore:
But I forbear
To settle here,
'Cause *Cyprian* lads I've seen rejoyce
In the polluted armes of vice.
In love we live, &c.

IX.

No face, nor fate, nor vertues are,
Love's sole-illaquearing snare.
No cause can be
Found out by me,
Why for a she we take such pains,
We bruise our limbs, and break our brains:
Only in love we live and die,
But never know the reason why.

62. The Countrey Girl.

I.

A P-x on your Dames that scorch with their flames,
And fire us alive in the city;
I would they might go to the devil below;
For they are most wickedly witty.

II.

The Jewels they wear in their ears and their hair,
And their breasts that are open and naked,
Are as bills that are set on a house to be let,
And who ever pleases may take it.

III.

Their faces do shine like the Sun in the line:
God a mercy the colours they laid on.
But did you but see how ugly they be
When th' are off, them you would be afraid on.

IV.

I am for the lasse that doth pisse on the grasse,
Though the Courtiers unworthy esteem her:
She is pleasant and neat, and her carriage compleat,
And her cheeks are as brown as a leemer.

V.

You freely may sip on her sanctified lip,
Although she be easily danted:
The snow on her brow did Nature allow,
She's neither perfumed nor painted.

She

VI.

She learns not to cheat in the School of deceit;
Her heart is dissolv'd in her speeches.
She scornes that while you the matter shall do,
One should run away with your breeches.

VII.

Her glances they be out of innocency,
Yet blow for blow she will give duly.
She gives you your fill, and lets you lie still;
For she scornes to be counted unruly.

---

63. *Reproof.*

O You inchanting fairest fair;
Whose powers more then Magick are,
Upon a mortall breast, forbear
For want of love, to slay me.
Let not one ray upon me light,
Unlesse affection you unite
With every aspect, beams so bright
Cannot but over sway me.

How could the *Africans* abide
To look upon *Apollo*'s pride,
And to that fiery zone be ti'd
In toyle exhausting sweat?
Did not *Apollo*'s power extend,
Causing earths bowels to ascend;
And unto every native lend
His nourishment with heat?

Your beauty is this torrid flame,
Whose colours scorch where ere they came,
And browes with furrowes do unframe
And galls me with despair.
But the Eglantine spicie grove,
That's in your sacred breast and love,
Can mitigate that fire above,
And sun-burnt souls make fair.

Then shut those eyes of Juniper;
And let them not their heat transfer
To me your sad Idolater;
Unlesse you mean to love.
Or else beneath these beams I die,
You gain the guilt of tyranny;
And so impawn your dignity,
And grieve the gods above.

---

64. *Bacchus.*

I.

AND why such a drouth has infested my mouth?
Is my lip and the cup faln asunder?
And do they intend nere to end
Their dissension? Oh it were a wonder
If I should fall out with so cordial a friend.

II.

Fill the boul, do not think I'le be bauk'd of my drink;
He that will, falleth lower then folly:
I will liquor my brains, that my strains

May

May with triumph tread down melancholly:
And this will be freedome in fetters and chains.

III.

Had the fool *Icarus* laid his policy thus,
His wings (made of wax) had not melted;
But he well might have flown to the Zone
Whereto his desires ambitiously pelted:
And then his Catastrophe nere had been known.

IV.

Had the sack made him moist, he might have rejoyc't,
And sung his P-wit like a Plover:
But alas he fell short, and paid for't;
He was drown'd in the sea, and he could not get over:
Thus 'twixt fire and water he spoyled the sport.

V.

Or if *Phaeton* in this method had gone;
Lesse harm he had done, & more wit he had learned.
Had he fixed his sack on the back
Of the Sun, sure the world it would never have burned,
Nor he and his credit indured the wrack.

VI.

Take a soul that is sous't in the Sack he carousts,
He has wings that advance at his pleasure:
He's indow'd with a minde drives the winde,
And vaults ore the flouds of affliction at pleasure;
His heart in a dungeon is never confin'd.

VII.

Take a man in his wine, he's for any design;
He looks in the face of the proudest imployment:
And

And his will does not roave, nor remove
The greatest of Princes has no such injoyment;
He dwels where the Deity resteth above.

VIII.

He defies the base fear of a Parliamenteer,
And scorneth the frowns of the high man:
All his care is, to think on his drink;
And smilingly biddeth a pox on the dry man
That wastes in his cell, and consumes with his chink.

IX.

Then again fill the boul, let it merrily troul:
Play out with your Rummikins quicker,
Let the cares of the world, all be hurl'd
In your cups, and be drown'd in your liquor,
And drink till your noses with rubies are pearl'd.

X.

Let it fall to your lot to be plung'd in the pot;
And suffer your brains to be sacked with drinking;
From the merry merry glasse do not passe,
You'l finde it is better, if weighed in your thinking,
Then for to be sackt as *Jerusalem* was.

---

65. The Rejection.

I.

ALL in vain turn again,
Why should I love 'r?
Since she can love no man,
I will give over.

I'le not stay to obey,
But will retire.
Why should I thither flie,
And not injoy her?

II.

Let her still please her will
With a deniall:
She shall be unto me
As the Sun-diall.
Let her bloud raise the mud:
All in good season.
I'le not gaze on her face
Till I have reason.

---

66. *Loves Arrant.*

I.

ARme *Cupid*, arme:
Gird on thy quiver, take thy bow
And numbly go
And seek a she that thou maiest charme.
Flie thou into the myrtle grove,
And there shoot down some pretty dove.

II.

For I am flush,
Big-belli'd with desire to prove
The pain of love,
And feel the Sun-shine of a blush.

Yet

Yet will I not ingage in heart,
Unleſſe the object have deſert.

III.

Go then and ſeek
Some glorious brow, ſome ſacred eye,
From whence doth flie
Rayes all divine, ſome roſie cheek,
Wherein ſuch lively grace is carv'd,
As may recall a ſpirit ſtarv'd.

IV.

Shoot ſuch a heart
As innocency doth controul:
Pierce ſuch a ſoul
That loves in love, and not in art.
Such, if ſhe findes my love divine,
Melts all her pleaſures into mine.

V.

Bring not the coy,
That ſtarts and kicks at every touch;
There's grace too much,
She has more zeal then honeſty.
Bring not the proud deformed witches,
That miſſing rocks, fall down in ditches.

VI.

Bring not the ſad
That ſeem to thaw the ſtones with tears,
Wherein appears
Some Crocodiliſh bloud they had.
Nor ſhoot thou down a fawning ſhe,
Leſt with her ſmiles ſhe ruin me.

VII. But

VII.

But bring a girl
Whose mirth is of a heavenly dresse;
Whose wantonnesse
Is not a pick-lock, but a pearl;
That will no common trader be,
Though sh'has a good *commodity.*

---

67. *The evil Temper.*

ALwaies sighing, alwaies pining,
Alwaies out of frame;
Alwaies puling, alwaies whining;
Evermore the same.
Alwaies fill'd with lamentation;
Love is not feasted so:
Continual tears, continuall passion
Is but continual woe.
I hold her temper in derision,
Since she is guided thus,
Depart from me with expedition,
And hug *Heraclitus.*
If ere I dally with a lover,
I'le have a pleasant she,
That with a chearful smile blowes over
The proudest injury.
'Tis vain to mourn for sliding blisse
That is already gone;
And full as vain, as vain it is
With tears to think upon

Ap-

Approaching woes; hereby they creep
Up to more ample sums:
It's time enough for thee to weep
For mischief when it comes.
And since thy weeping will not aid
Thee of the smallest thrall,
When ere thy sorrowes thee invade,
Thou need'st not weep at all.
Remember this, and then repent,
And sweetly thou shalt finde
The peacefull Phœnix of content
Will build within thy minde:
And then I could my soul allow
To thee (my deareſt dear)
But when I see a stormy brow,
I think the Devil's there.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

1. *Humility.*

I'Th' petty Fourm this Lady sits,
Learns innocency more then wits:
Reads duty-lectures to her sons;
Bid her but go, and straight she runs.
Poor she at all times, and all places,
Waits (servant-like) upon the Graces.
She owns her self most vile and base;
Yet her descent's the Royall race.

2. *The Misers musick.*

CHink chink the coin cryes, and the musick pleases,
It's like the dainty food that breeds diseases:
'Tis sweet and bitter, like the Siren charms,
Lulls us to love first, then leaves us in harms.

3. *The Blush.*

SEest thou the tincture in her face?
It is the servant to her grace,
To intimate to thee there's nought
That's vicious harbour'd in her thought,
And doth from *Cyprian* boyes exempt her
Dazling the foul lascivious tempter.

4. *A Tayler.*

THere was a Taylor once a dagger wore:
He wore it once, and never wore it more.
He would have drawn and run it at my Bitch,
I, but his heart would not go thorough stitch.

5. To Nell.

FOnd, fickle, frantick fancy, full of folly;
Thy mirth is turned into melancholly.
Thou swear'ſt thou wilt be wiſer, and wilt hate
Thy former vices, but it is too late.
The Steed is ſtoln, and now thou ſhut'ſt the dore;
But lo, thou ſhouldſt have lockt it heretofore.

6. On Jack.

Jack calls me rogue. My friend to me affords
This ſage advice, I pray lay hold on's words.
Piſh, piſh, ſaid I, 'tis better ten to one,
To hold his ears, and let his words alone.
Then by and by, (as it did well appear)
I loos'd his words, and lug'd him by the ear.

7. A ſigh.

SIghing ſhe ſmil'd, and ſmiling ſigh'd,
She ſmil'd to ſee the thing ſhe lik't,
And ſigh'd becauſe ſhe could not get
It faſt into her cabbinet.

Had but her ſmiles a power, as well
To draw, as do her ſighs repell,
She might be miſtreſſe of the pray;
But ſighing ſhe blowes all away.

8. *Love.*

THey ſay that love is alwaies blinde:
I think (upon my ſoul)
It is not true, becauſe I finde
He alwaies hits the hole.

9. *Sim.*

Sim ſayes he's highly bleſt, becauſe he looks
Upon abundance of religious Books.
'Tis true, he does ſo; yet he keeps his ſin;
He looks upon them, but nere looks within.

10. *Lucia.*

SWeet Miſtreſſe *Lucia*, is a pretty thing:
A Concubine that's worthy of a King:
She is ſo full of beauty, and ſo fine,
You'd think ſhe were a ſpirit all divine.

I'd

I'd ſwear the ſame too, and to th' world I'd tel't,
But that in truth I know ſhe may be felt.

11. *A Token.*

'TIs not of cuſtome that my Preſent comes:
Nor yet with flattering, to enhaunce the ſums
Of droſſie lucre. Neither doth it move
On legs, as though it came to buy your love:
For that were too ignoble to prevail;
Your love's a thing not to be let at ſale.
But hence it cometh, with ſuppoſed voyce,
To ſpeak for him, whoſe ſpeech is ſomewhat nice;
Whoſe tim'rous ſpirit hardly dares to ſhew
The tenure of that love I bear to you.
Hence then, accept it, only as a ſign
Of his affection, who in heart is thine.

12. *A lock of Hair.*

WHy ſhould we doat upon ſuch things as theſe?
What is it they afford us that can pleaſe
A love-ſick paſſion? or aſſwage the pain
Of a diſorder'd and diſtempered brain?
Has it a privilledge that's more then theſe?
Only to ſay it is our Miſtreſſes.
Poor feeble prize, no author of content:
What honour riſes from an excrement?

I, but I finde a higher expoſition:
An Allegory, which on no condition,
May be omitted for the good of either;
It is a lock that locks two hearts together.

13. *Loves gain.*

LOve is a ſtock of money: and it's he
That loves, that puts it out to uſury.
And 'tis the ſmile of Miſtreſſes, (in jeſt)
And wanton dalliance makes the intereſt.
But wo is me, infatuate with pain:
I finde my ſtock begets me little gain;
For, whereas others (hackney-like) get ſtore,
Mine brings me *nil per centum*, and no more.

14. Torio.

T*orio*'s in love, and greatly doth rejoyce,
'Cauſe he has lighted on ſo brave a choice:
Yet with my curious eye I can diſcover
In her, no beauty that may tice a lover.
But I imagine why my *Torio* brags;
She's precious not for beauty, but for bags.

15. Phorcus.

PHorcus, one morning (and that's rare)
Upon his bent knees went to prayer:
Pray'd for remission of his sins;
And that same morning broke his shins.
A sad mischance it was, therefore
He vowes to God he'l pray no more.

16. To the Executioner.

JEvvis the Hangman, when to him I quaffe,
He cries, Your servant sir, it makes me laugh:
But yet in faith I plainly tell thee *Jevvis*,
I love thee well, but I abhor thy service.

17. Thraso.

IN canting vessels, I have ever found
The empty Hogshead yeelds the greatest sound.
And hence it followes, that thy lofty strains
Are but the symptomes of thy empty brains.

18. Gnatho.

GNatho (whose Muse is not so clear as common)
Pins his Encomion on a Gentlewoman.
He at the head begins, and thence doth greet
Each member, still he comes unto the feet;
Only the neck he scapes: I fain would know,
Why on that part no verse he will bestow.
I smell the plot, 'tis worthy of your laughter;
He keeps the Neck-verse for himself hereafter.

19. Nell.

NEll's very sick, and to the Cooks will go;
(Sure sickness cannot be repelled so)
He fills the board with custard, and with pie:
And bids her eat, but she cries, No, not I.
She longs for rolls, and though it be a sin,
She will have none but the cooks rolling-pin.

20. Pigmalion.

WHy does *Pigmalion* on his picture doat?
And to the worſhip of the ſame devote
His pureſt thought? *Pigmalion*, doſt thou ſee
More value in thy image then in thee?
That thou ſhouldſt buckle, and incline thy wit
To leave thy ſelf, and fall in love with it?
Alas *Pigmalion*, thou art but an Ape,
That for the ſubſtance doſt adore the ſhape.

21. Momus.

MOmus perhaps thou'lt ſay I am unkinde,
Becauſe I do not write to thee my minde.
I tell thee *Momus*, thou art grown ſo nought,
That I cannot allow thee one good thought.
Yet this my cuſtome ſhall for ever be,
When ere I want a fool, I'le ſend for thee.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

The

The Conclusion: Or the Fornicator's farewell on his Death-bed.

I.

COme you fair eyes, that with inflamed luſt
I once beheld;
See you my judgement, ſad and juſt.
For now (alas) I am compel'd
To hang my head, as 'twere half dead,
Ah me! to th' grave I muſt.

II.

And there my filthy carkaſſe muſt remain,
Till the loud trump
Ring heaven-knells throughout my brain,
Giving new life to my dead lump:
And re-inſpires, with active fires,
My empty pores again.

III.

Then weep one tear or two before I die,
And muſt be gone.
You can arreſt, as well as I,
What cruell wrong to me y' have done.
And now y' have kend my fatall end,
Seek you the ſame to ſhun.

FH
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM